

ON CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY R. H. HORNE.

In preparing to take a seasonable, and therefore a genial survey of the half festive, half religious songs, entitled Christmas Carols, we are stopped at the outset by two considerations, each claiming precedence.—Since it is quite clear they cannot *both* stand first, we must attend to them separately. The two considerations to which we refer are these: the claims of the ancient Carols, such as were sung in the days of the Anglo-Saxon Kings after their conversion to Christianity, and in the festivities of the same season among the Danish and Anglo-Norman Kings, all of whom “wore their crowns in public” on the occasion, which, with other less remote dates, take precedence in respect of time; and the claims of the modern Carols, dating from Herrick, or rather from Milton’s Hymn to the Nativity, which must certainly take precedence of all others for its poetic grandeur, and, we may add, its divine fervor. Settled, however, this point must be before we can proceed; and it may be as well, therefore, to commence at once with our friends in the olden time.

As early as the first and second centuries, we find that the Birth of Christ was celebrated. In the third century, this “holy night” was kept with so many festivities, that Gregory Nazianzen, who died A.D. 389, and other Christian teachers of the time, considered it necessary to caution the people against making the hilarities resemble a heathen rite, by forgetting the heavenly objects in an excess of feasting, singing and dancing. It would also appear that these exhortations to sobriety were partly intended as a wise caution and salutary warning; for, in the same age, there is the record of a horrible atrocity in the shape of a wholesale massacre, committed when an indulgence in these festivities had thrown the people off their guard. A multitude of Christians—men, women, and children, of all ages—had assembled in the temple, at Nicomedia, in Bithynia, to commemorate the Nativity. In the height of their happiness, when all the wickedness and cruelties of the world were forgotten, Diocletian the Tyrant surrounded the temple with his soldiers who set it on fire, and nearly *twenty thousand people* were burned alive, or otherwise destroyed on the occasion.

The Anglo-Saxon Kings, having been con-

verted, held the festival of the Nativity with great solemnity and splendor, and displayed the greatest hospitality to all strangers of rank. A similar course was adopted by the Danish and Anglo-Norman Kings. Nor were these ceremonies by any means confined to solemn observances; on the contrary, the descendants of those who, in Pagan times, had been used to quaff great bowls of wine in honor of Thor and Odin, now drank them to commemorate the Apostles, the Virgin and other sacred names. A curious Anglo-Norman Carol, of the date of the thirteenth century, is given by Mr. Brand, in his “Popular Antiquities,” (vol. 1, p. 371,) which is, to all intents and purposes, a jolly bacchanalian song, for a bass voice. The greatest rejoicing and merriment prevailed, particularly as displayed in dancing, and singing Carols; and, to such an excess had this been carried, that a preposterous legend has grown out of it, carefully handed down by William of Malmesbury, who gravely relates how that fifteen young women and eighteen young men were dancing, and singing Carols (A.D. 1012) in the church-yard of a church dedicated to St. Magnus, on the day before Christmas, whereby they greatly disturbed one Robert, a priest, who was performing mass in the church; how that the said Robert sent to tell them to desist, but they would not listen; how this Robert offered up prayers for a suitable punishment; and how that the whole party were miraculously compelled to continue singing and dancing for a whole year, night and day without ceasing—feeling neither heat nor cold, hunger nor thirst, weariness nor want of sleep: and, though their clothes did not wear out with all this inordinate exercise, yet the earth beneath them did; so that, when they left off, the earth had worn away all round them to the depth of several feet, while they danced in the hollow.

The earliest Carol is, of course, the Nativity Carol mentioned in *Luke* (c. II. v. 14,) which was sung by the angels. In the twelfth book of “*Paradise Lost*” this hymn is thus mentioned:—

His place of birth a solemn angel tells
To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night:
They gladly thither haste, and by a quire
Of squadron’d angels hear his Carol sung.

Other hymns were gradually composed on this subject; and it is stated by Mr. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," on the authority of an ancient Ritualist, that, "in the earlier ages of the Church, the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas Day, to sing Carols among the clergy." So say Durand and others.

But it is time to give the reader a few specimens of the "Christmas Carols" of our forefathers.

Amidst a great mass of very questionable stuff, not to call it rubbish, some of our earliest Carols possess a peculiar beauty—a sort of devout innocence and happy faith, very refreshing in themselves, and more especially when compared with the modern, as well as the elder rubbish to which we have alluded. The first we shall select is from the Harleian MSS. (No. 5396—time of Henry VI.;) printed, also, in Ritson's "Ancient Songs." Bishop Taylor considers it identical with the earliest one, which the Angels sung to the Shepherds:—

CHRYSTO PAREMUS CANTICAM EXCELSIS
GLORIA.

When Chryst was born of Mary, free,
In Bethlehem, that fayre citee,
Angels sang with mirth and glee
In excelsis gloria!

Herdsmen beheld these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
And sayd God's Son is born this night,
In excelsis gloria!

This King is coming to save mankind,
Declared in Scripture as we fynde,
Therefore this song have we in mind,
In excelsis gloria!

Two words, illegible in the MS., we have been obliged to supply, and to moderate several Anglo-Saxon characters and abbreviations. All the rest is verbatim.

In one of the Coventry pageants, in the early part of the 15th century, several songs are introduced, rude in structure, but, as Sandys thinks, fairly entitled to be regarded as Carols. The one we are about to quote is unquestionably a Carol:—

SONG BY THE SHEPHERDS.

As I rode out last night, last night,
Of three joyous shepherds I saw a sight,
And all about their fold a star shone bright—
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

SONG BY THE WOMEN.

Lul-lee, lul-lay, thou little tiny child—
Bye-bye, lul-lee, lul-lay.

O sisters too, how may we do
For to preserve this day,
This poor youngling, for whom we do sing
Bye-bye, lul-lee, lul-lay.

Herod the King, in his raging,
Charged he hath this day
His men of might, in his own sight,
All young children to slay.

Then wo is me, poor child, for thee,
And ever we mourn and say,
For this journey wild, thou little tiny child,
Bye-bye, lul-lee, lul-lay.

Carols were much in request during the whole of this century, as we learn from the above and other authorities. Tusser mentions one to "be sung to the tune of 'King Solomon;'" and in the time of Shakspeare Carols were continually sung about the streets at Christmas.

A Latin poem by Naogeorgus, a Bavarian, written in the sixteenth century, and made English, after a fashion, by Barnaby Goodge, alludes to the Carol singing of the time, with its various customs, which were evidently far more jocund than reverential.

Three weekes before the day whereon was born the
Lord of Grace,
And on the Thursdaye, boys and girls do runne in
every place,
And bounce and beate at every doore, with blows and
lustie snaps,
And erie the Advent of the Lord, not born as yet,
perhaps,
And wishing to the neighbours all, that in the houses
dwell,
A happy yeaere, and everything to spring and prosper
well.

We must conclude with one or two more specimens our account of the ancient Carols, together with the merry songs of the season; and we cannot refrain making our selection once again of a song on the head of the forest lord of yore. It is ushered in, as usual, with trumpets and minstrelsy:—

CAROL

On bringing Boar's Head, used before Christmas Prince, at St. John Baptist's College, Oxford, Christmas, 1697.

The boare is dead,
See, here is his head:
What man could have done more
Than his head off to strike,
Meleager like,
And bringe it as I doe, before?

He, living, spoyled
Where good men toyled,
Which made kind Ceres sorrye;
But now dead and drawne,
Is very good for brawne,
And we have brought it for ye.

Then set downe the swineyard,
The foe to the vineyard,
Let Bacchus crowne his fall:
Lett this boare's head and mustard
Stand for pig, goose, and custard,
And so you are welcöme all!

The other Carols with which we intended

to terminate our account of these songs of the olden time, we find, on further consideration, to be too long for extract. As, however, they are of the legendary character, we must content ourselves with telling the story of one of the best.

The first is called "The Carnal and the Crane." The Star in the East was so bright that it shone into King Herod's Chamber and alarmed him. He questioned the Wise Men about it, who told him that a babe was born this night who should have power which no King could destroy. Herod pointed to a roasted cock which was on a dish before him, and said, "That bird shall as soon be able to crow three times as this thing be true which ye tell." Whereupon feathers instantly grew over the roasted cock, and he rose high on his legs and crowed three times, standing up in the dish!

We pass on to the popular broad-sheet Carols, of a rather more modern date. Though the majority be very wretched stuff, there will sometimes be found verses that appeal directly to the feelings by their homely strength, and coming from the heart of the writers.

Oh, pray teach your children, man,
The while that you are here;
It will be better for your souls
When your corpse lies on its bier.

To-day you may be alive, dear man,
Worth many a thousand pound;
To-morrow may be dead, dear man,
And your body laid under ground:

With one turf at your head, O man,
And another at your feet,
Thy good deeds and thy bad, O man,
Will all together meet.

In the century preceding the present, the wassail bowl was commonly carried on Christmas eve, to the houses of the nobles and gentry, with songs, in return for which a small present was expected. As midnight approached, the Carol-singers and bell-ringers prepared to usher in the morning of the Nativity with the usual rejoicings, so that all at once bells rang in the middle of the night, singing was heard, and bands of music went playing through the towns and villages and outskirts, and round about to all the principal houses of the county families. In the West of England, the Carol-singers often used to repair to the church-porch, or to the porch of some ancient house, to sing in Christmas morning; and it is a rural scene of this kind which the Artist has portrayed in the Illustration that accompanies the present account.

A similar scene is described by the author of the "Sketch-Book," on his visit to York-hire at this time of the year. He awoke in

the night with the sound of music beneath his window, which then floated off to a distance. Then there was singing, which sounded in the porch. "In the morning," he says, "as I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas Carol, the burden of which was—

Rejoice! our Saviour, he was born
On Christmas-day in the morning.

It is extraordinary, considering the beauty and grandeur of the subject—comprising, as it does, in its essence, the whole history of humanity, its errors, its sufferings, its hopes, and final victory—how very few poets have written Carols. We only know of one great poet who has done so—need we say that this one was Milton? (Goethe and Coleridge have each written a Carol, but of no very remarkable kind.) It must not, however, be forgotten, that Herrick has written several very beautiful Carols, not displaying any strength of vision or divine ardor, but characterized by a sweet poetical playfulness. Here is a verse from his

ODE ON THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers;
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodills and roses,
Thy cradle, kingly stranger,
As Gospell tells,
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

Another, by Herrick, is entitled

THE STAR-SONG.

The flourish of music; then followed the song.

1st Voice. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly tongue,
Where is the babe but lately sprung?
Lies he the lillie-banks among?

2nd Voice. Or say, if this new birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou can'st clear
All doubts, and manifest the where?

3d Voice. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek;
Or search the beds of spices through,
To find Him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest
A princely babe, in's mother's breast.

Chorus. He's seen! he's seen! why then around
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground.

To Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" we need only allude once more, as the highest composition that has yet appeared on this

subject, beyond all compare. We shall not make any extract from it, as it is within everybody's reach, which the specimens we have quoted from other sources are not.

Those who would seek further information on this subject, and read more of these songs of the olden time, will find abundance (in addition to those authors we have already quoted) in the Sloane, Harleian, and other MSS. in the British Museum; Ritson's "Ancient Songs," &c. A small, but very choice collection has recently been brought out by Cundall—bound, of course, according to the

most perfect models of the ancient art, with carved boards, embossed covers, and illuminated pages. Those who are desirous of obtaining modern Carols, carefully written to scriptural texts, and adapted to the ancient tunes (the music of which is given,) may be amply supplied from a little work published by J. W. Parker, entitled "Christmas Carols, with Appropriate Music," and adorned with a frontispiece, engraved from some picture by one of the old masters; of the beauty of which it is not too much to say, that it is worthy of the subject.—*Illustrated London News*.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

HANNOVERIAN SKETCHES.

There was a time,—and that not very long since,—when the kingdom of Hannover was one of those states of the Germanic confederation, which were regarded by German patriots with hope, and even with pride. There was a people which seemed disposed to assert with moderation, but with firmness its sacred rights, and to resist with energy every effort to deprive it of them. Seven professors of the university of Göttingen,—once world-renowned, now sunk so low,—left their hearths and homes, and became wanderers in our country, that they might not be unfaithful to their convictions. In every part of the land there was much political activity, and a zealous striving for that progress which the age demands. Hannover, in fact, was to the north of Germany what Baden now is to the south; a country which in its political development leads the van, and is looked up to by its neighbors as a model. If this had continued to be the case, Hannover would have become the most advanced of all the German states, and its influence upon the whole northern section of the country would have been incalculable. Instead of this, what do we now behold? The stillness of death, politically speaking, reigns throughout the country. The people take no interest in the measures of the government. The leading men of past years are living scattered in other parts of Germany; or, weary and disappointed in their hopes, have buried themselves in the deepest retirement; or, from ambitious or mercenary motives, have deserted their cause; nay, one of them is exerting his undeniable talents to keep a neighboring

people under the yoke of a foreign nation. The Hannoverians, once so firm and unbending, do not now dare to choose any representative but the one who is prescribed for them by the court, or of whom they are sure that he will be favorably received. It is only East-Friesland, a district which has a very strongly-marked national character, and the Harz, that land of true German mountaineers, which form exceptions to this rule. The rest of the kingdom appears to be cast in a single form, and he who is acquainted with one district or one town, is acquainted with all. If he crosses the borders of Hannover from the side of Hamburg, the first town which shows itself to the traveller is Harburg. Harburg is an advanced post of Hamburg, a warehouse belonging to that city, and wholly dependent upon it for weal or woe. Its principal occupation is to receive and forward the masses of merchandise which come from central and southern Germany for Hamburg, as well as those which are sent back from Hamburg in exchange. It is not an unprofitable business, but it no longer brings the large gains which it did in former times, when a much higher rate of commission was paid. Besides this business there is here an extraordinary number of hotels and taverns of all classes, which used to furnish the numerous travellers, who came here to cross the Elbe to Hamburg, meat and drink and lodging at the highest possible prices. A large custom-house with an extensive range of warehouses, and a post station, whence travellers used to be forwarded at a very leisurely pace into the interior, are the principal buildings of the

straggling and pretty little town. But during the last six months the completion of the railroad which connects Cologne and Hannover with Hamburg has effected a great change. Every traveller now hurries to the huge railroad station, in order to get away as soon as possible; the long trains of loaded wagons which used to fill the streets have disappeared; the inns are empty and deserted. There is no inducement for any traveller to remain here, when he can reach Hannover or Brunswick in a few hours by railroad, or Hamburg in three quarters of an hour by steamboat. The innkeepers, wagoners, and commission agents of Harburg are no friends to the railroad. In order to regain their lost profits the Harburgers are about to establish, with the aid of the Hannoverian government, a direct steam-communication with England. All the goods destined for the central parts of Germany might then be brought direct to Harburg, instead of going, at an unnecessary cost of time and money, out of their way to Hamburg. The inhabitants of the latter city ridicule the proposition; but yet it may well happen, especially if Hannover accedes to the Customs union, and Hamburg determines to remain, as now, isolated from the rest of Germany, that Harburg may draw to itself a large part of the foreign commerce of the country. In the last year, sixty sea-going vessels have arrived in the harbor. In one hour the railroad train brings the traveller to Lüneburg, the first large town on this side of the kingdom. Half way between Harburg and Lüneburg lies the old town of Bardowick. Bardowick was once the richest and most powerful city of northern Germany, and held the rank now occupied by Hamburg, which at that period was a petty fishing village. Its merchants carried on an extensive commerce with all parts of the world that were then known; its name was honored in every country, and the tales told of its wealth, luxury, and magnificence are almost too romantic to be credible. But the inhabitants became haughty, and offended the then Duke of Saxony, Henry the Lion, who had been their protector, and in his wild fury the fierce warrior destroyed the whole town and drove out the inhabitants. They mostly took refuge in Lübeck and laid the foundation of the subsequent greatness of that city, and Bardowick was never able to recover from the blow. The inhabitants now devote themselves to horticulture, and are celebrated for the excellence of their garden-seeds, and of their vegetables, which are eagerly sought by the *gourmands* of Hamburg. The sole memorial of former greatness is the immense cath-

edral, one of the largest in Germany, which looks as if it could accommodate within its vast aisles not only all the inhabitants, but all the houses of the town. But traces of ancient walls, fortifications, gates, &c., may be discerned by the curious in such matters.

Lüneburg, called also "the city of lime-trees," is in its whole character a genuine Hannoverian town, while Harburg in many respects is an imitator of Hamburg. In describing the mode of life in Lüneburg, we describe with equal accuracy that of Celle, Stade, Verden, Osnaburg, and all the other large towns of the kingdom. It is only in the Frisian towns of Aurich, Emden, and Lingen, in Göttingen as the seat of a university, in the Catholic town of Hildesheim, and in the capital Hannover, that the manners and customs are somewhat different.

That which strikes a stranger most upon entering a Hannoverian town, especially if he comes from Hamburg, is the large number of uniforms of every description which he constantly sees. Wherever he goes, whether it be into a theatre or into the coffee-room of an inn, into a public assembly or a private circle, he finds himself surrounded by individuals dressed in two colors. The postmaster, the sheriff, the tax-gatherer, and every official personage of whatever grade, not only perform the duties of their office in military uniform, but wear it even during their hours of recreation and amusement. The clerk in a post-office may frequently be seen with a pair of epaulettes which in other countries would grace a commanding officer. The present king has introduced this custom, and he wishes every person who is employed in the service of the state, from the governor of a province down to the lamplighter, to appear upon all occasions in his appointed uniform.

But if the civil service is distinguished by a strict system of uniforms, it may easily be supposed that it is yet more the case with the military. Even officers who have long since quitted active service, and are engaged in peaceful avocations, may be seen walking about in regulation-coats, and with swords by their side. In order to effect as much variety as possible in these uniforms, and to have many different kinds of troops and officers, the regiments have been reduced to a minimum strength, and have received the most various appellations. This is especially the case in the cavalry; the twenty-four squadrons which Hannover possesses, and which in Austria would form only three regiments, are divided into eight, among which there are Life-Guards, Curassier-Guards, Hussar-Guards, Royal Hussars, Dragoon-Guards, Crownprince-

Dragoons, and so on. They have succeeded in giving to twelve hundred men as many different uniforms, and different kinds of arms as are to be found in France or Austria. The enormous expense which this military pomp entails upon the country has in former years been severely censured by the opposition in the Chambers, but in these days the government does not care much for either Chambers or opposition; the country pays whatever the ministry demands.

But it must be said to the credit of the Hannoverian military that the officers are distinguished above their comrades in most other states of Germany, by their excellent behavior, refinement of manners, and the healthy tone of their intercourse with other classes. The good old spirit, descended from those glorious times when a large part of those who now hold high rank fought in the Peninsula, as the Anglo-German legion, against Napoleon, has not been expelled by all the efforts of the present government; nay, it has even descended to a younger generation. From the circumstances of those times, it has also resulted, that a large part of the officers of the Hannoverian army are commoners by descent; this fact, in a country where the nobility enjoy so much preference, is apt to create surprise. But on the battle-fields of Talavera and Victoria there were no questions asked about noble lineage and great ancestors; and many of the sons of noble houses chose rather in those days to accept lucrative posts in the luxurious court of Jerome at Cassel, than to encounter danger and fatigue in the camps of Spain. And when these officers of the legion returned home, many of them by dint of merit rose to the highest places, and the then viceroy of the kingdom, the Duke of Cambridge, was far too noble-minded to allow any difference of birth to operate to their disadvantage. Now, on the contrary, it is the aim of the government to purify the army, and no commoner, unless as the son of an officer he is entitled to a commission, would find it easy to procure one.

But in order to guard the *corps* of officers as much as possible from all intercourse with other classes, there appeared a short time since a general order respecting the marriage of officers, of which Europe has never seen the equal. Every lieutenant who wishes to marry must prove by undeniable documents, that he possesses a private income of at least eight hundred dollars a year, every captain a thousand, and every staff-officer twelve hundred. Then there is a commission appointed for the express purpose of watching that an officer shall only marry in his own rank. No officer

of noble descent, for instance, is allowed to marry the daughter of any one but an officer, a person of high official rank, or in short of one who is not presentable at court. It would, for example, be quite an exception if a lieutenant should be permitted to marry the daughter of a wealthy merchant or manufacturer; and very recently it happened that a young officer who, after several years, obtained leave to marry the daughter of one of the richest bankers in Vienna, was removed, as a mark of displeasure, from the capital to the garrison of a distant country town. This measure has accomplished its purpose of isolating the army from all other classes of society. Every father who has a grown-up daughter must close his door to an officer, in the fear that an attachment might spring up which cannot lead to any honorable and happy result. In the civil service, the prejudice in favor of the nobility has during the last few years become equally apparent. Since the accession of the present king there has not been any instance of a commoner being advanced to one of the higher posts. Those offices which require much knowledge and industry, and upon which the burden of business falls, are open to him; but to the higher ones, which bring honor and emolument, nothing but a long line of ancestors can procure admission.

With the exception of the favor of the government and their own pride, it cannot be said that the Hannoverian nobility enjoy any very great advantages. They are in general too poor to be very influential. There are single merchants in Hamburg, who own more property than all the nobility of Lüneburg put together. Hence there is a simplicity and even poverty apparent which is very striking to one who enters the country from Hamburg or Bremen, the richest towns in Germany. But, on the other hand, social life is in a much better footing than in the Hansetowns, where it rests so entirely upon a material basis. There is in all classes a great degree of solid refinement, together with simple elegance and hearty hospitality. Strangers are always pleased with the Hannoverian towns, and cheerfully dispense with the advantages which great cities afford.

The picture which has here been lightly sketched, would represent any town in the country of Hannover. A few words must be devoted to a description of Lüneburg. The stillness and desolation, which are so striking a feature in all Hannoverian towns, reign here in full force. The carrying trade into the interior of Germany, all of which at one period passed through the town, has now been

diverted into the channels, and even the splendid railway-station, which stands close by, cannot bring back the departed life and bustle. The stream of travellers is pouring perpetually past, but none seem to find any particular objects of interest to detain them here. The town is very ancient, and has a very respectable and friendly appearance. The houses are all built of red brick, and very massive with their tall gable ends towards the street.

The neighborhood of Lüneburg is likewise more pleasing than it is generally reputed to be. Beautiful limetrees surround the whole place and along the banks of the Lüne there are some very pretty green meadows, shaded by lofty oaks. But certainly one must not form any very high expectations. The same may be said of the celebrated Lüneburg heath, which commences in the neighborhood and extends a vast distance in length and breadth. In summer, when the heather is in blossom, there is something extremely roman-

tic in the view of this great unbroken plain. It is only at intervals of many miles that here and there a few trees and a solitary farmhouse may be seen. The inhabitants of these few isolated dwellings are a primitive and quite distinct race who lead a simple and patriarchal life, and support themselves by keeping a race of little black half-wild sheep, with very coarse wool, and flesh of an extraordinary aromatic flavor. A journey through this region was formerly a serious and very wearisome undertaking. The roads were tolerably good, and the horses strong; but the post stations are generally at a distance of eighteen to twenty miles from each other, and it frequently happens that during a whole stage the eye is not relieved by resting upon a single object. But now the rushing locomotive carries us rapidly on to the capital, Hanover, and what then was a very long and fatiguing day's journey, is easily accomplished in a few hours.

Die Grenzboten.

LIFE AND WORKS OF LEOPARDI.

Giacomo Leopardi is a name which makes the heart of almost every cultivated Italian beat with a certain sorrowful pity and a noble pride. To English ears it is a mere sound signifying nothing. It calls up no sweet memories of harmonious verse; it brings with it no compassion for the sufferings of a sad and struggling spirit. The first occasion an Englishman ever mentioned the name in print was, we believe, in a recent novel. Yet Germany has long known and cherished Leopardi. Even France, generally so backward in acknowledging a foreigner, has, on several occasions, paid tribute to his genius. The better to introduce him to an English public, we have collected from his letters, from Ranieri, and from St. Beuve, something like a Memoir, which, with some observations on his genius, we now submit to our readers.

Descended from the noble families of Leopardi and Antei, he was born at Recanati, in Ancona, 29th of June, 1798. His parents were orderly, religious people, and seem to have been careful to give a serious turn to his education. It is a point worthy of notice at the outset how he, who was hereafter to take so high a place among poets, began by first laboriously conquering for himself a place among the philologists: the poet upon whose lips expired those accents which were born on the lips

of a Dante (to use a German's remark), began his career by gaining the honorable suffrages of a Niebuhr, a Creuzer, and an Angelo Mai.

Instructed by a priest in the rudiments of Latin (which was all the priest could teach), at eight years of age he attacked, unaided, the Greek grammar, and soon went directly to the text of the ancient ecclesiastical writers. His father's library was rich in church literature. In constant study of the Fathers, this child deepened his religious fervor, and fed his insatiable appetite for learning. Having attained to a surprising facility in reading Greek, he went through, pen in hand, and in chronological order, nearly the whole compass of Greek literature. At the age when most boys are still blundering over *ιανιω*, or dog's-eating the *Analecta Minora*, Leopardi was a *savant*. His precocity may be appreciated from one example:—At the head of a manuscript containing a correct text of the *Life of Plotinus*, by Porphyry, with a Latin translation and commentary, there is this note by his father:—"Oggi 31 Agosto, 1814, questo suo lavoro mi donò Giacomo mio primogenito figlio, che non ha avuto maestro di lingua Greca, ed è in età di anni 16, mese due, giornidue." This very MS. was communicated to Creuzer, who, in the third volume of his edition of *Plotinus*, has extracted from it the substance of several pages

of his *addenda*: thus the learned German, who had labored many years of his life at this subject, found materials in the work of a boy of sixteen!

Leopardi's mental history is crowded with striking contrasts. We see him learned even among the erudite, and, at the same time, a great poet; at one period grubbing like an archaeologist, covered with the dust of folios; at another, borne away on the irresistible wings of upward-soaring imagination. Nor is this all. The man who, with exquisite taste, appreciated the severe simplicity of the great works of Grecian art, first learned to know Greece through the tawdry rhetoric of the Fathers; and the bard who, of all others, deserves to be called the "poet of despair"—whose scepticism exceeds that of *Manfred* or even *Lelia*—began by planning sacred hymns of fervent piety.

Leopardi was self-taught. The limited instruction which he gained from two ecclesiastics was insignificant by the side of that which he acquired for himself. Unaided, he studied French, Spanish, English, Greek, and even Hebrew; the latter sufficiently to enter upon disputations with some learned Jews at Ancona. His studies had not, however, that desultoriness which is usually noticeable among self-taught men, but were almost exclusively philological. Thus, before he attained maturity, we find him compiling commentaries on the rhetoricians of the second century; writing his erudite little treatise on the vulgar errors of the ancients;* collecting the fragments of the Fathers of the second century; translating and dissertating on the *Batrachomyomachia*; throwing new light upon the life of Moschus, and translating the *Idylls*; translating the *Odyssey*, Hesiod's *Theogony*, and the second book of the *Æneid*. A strange preparation for a poet! As examples of mere erudite industry, such exploits would have done honor to a long career; as the productions of a boy, they excite unmingled astonishment.

The love of mystification joined to a consciousness of power, which dictated the forgeries of Chatterton, Macpherson, and Allan Cunningham, seduced Leopardi into the scholar's trick of publishing a pretended Greek hymn to Neptune. The translation was accompanied by notes, in which erudite dust was thrown in the eyes of the public, so as to deceive the most suspicious. This production is included in his works; as well as the two *Odes* of Anacreon, which he published at the same time, and which were said to have been found in the same place. These odes are capital

* Saggio sopra gli errori popolari degli Antichi, forming vol. iv. of his *Opere*.

imitations. The first is but another variation of the old theme, Love crowned with Roses, but it has the true Greek *naïveté* in it. The second, "To the Moon," is longer, and generally preferred; but, to our taste, though a better ode, it is not so happy an imitation. He was only nineteen when he played this trick, a circumstance which must be taken in extenuation of the offence.

Although so ardent in pursuit of learning, his faculties were not wholly engrossed by it; for amidst these dry recondite studies he was groping his way in a far more arduous and important path—the study of his own being. The seeds of decay had early been sown in his constitution; and now a hump grew out on his back, adding a source of moral anguish to his physical pains. It is easy to understand the poignant humiliation which very sensitive nature must endure from such a deformity; but by one other cruel contradiction in Leopardi's fate, this grief was heightened beyond the common lot; the energetic nature of his soul prompted him, above all things, to a life of action. To such a spirit, deformity would have operated only as one stimulus the more; but accompanied as it was with acute suffering and bodily debility, it made Leopardi feel that he was powerless and despised. Nevertheless, the chained eagle is an eagle still—his thoughts are with the sun. Leopardi could say of himself, in seriousness, that Nature had made him for suffering:—

A te la speme
Nego, mi disse, anche la speme; e d'altro
Non brillin gli occhi tuoi se non di pianto:

for she had thrown him helpless upon the world; but the eagle was only chained, not subdued.

Unfitted for a life of action, he sought activity in burrowing amidst the dust and obscurity of the past. He lived a life of Thought; and at his side sat Sorrow, as a perpetual enigma and as a constant monitress,—“La parte più inesplicabile dell' inesplicabile mistero dell' universo.” He suffered, and asked himself if others suffered in the same way,—asked himself whether it was just that he should suffer, having done no wrong. He looked abroad in the world, and saw sadness painfully legible on its face; he looked far into the past, and still the same mournful aspect met his eye. Of his own soul he asked the explanation of this mystery, and he became a poet.

His two first canzoni were published in 1818. They are on the same theme—the degradation of Italy; and it would be idle to speak of the author's youth, because no trace of youth or

inexperience is to be found in them. At twenty, Leopardi was old,—at least, in thought and suffering. We wish we could, without too great a sacrifice of the original, translate the first of these canzoni. Often as her poets have reproached Italy—from Dante downwards, there have been no more piercing, manly, vigorous strains, than those which vibrate in the organ-peal of patriotism sent forth by Leopardi. Felicia mourned over the fatal gift of Beauty in a passionate music which has stirred all hearts; but his sonnet is many degrees below the ode by Leopardi, the irregular but rhythmic march of which seizes hold of your soul and irresistibly hurries you along with it. Utter the name of Leopardi before any Italian, and he instantly bursts forth with,—

O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'erme
Torri degli avi nostri,
Ma la gloria non vedo,
Non vedo il lauro e il ferro ond'eran carichi
I nostri padri antichi. Or fatta inerme,
Nuda la fronte e nudo il petto mostri.
Oimè quante ferite,
Che livido, che sangue! oh qual ti veggio
Formosissima donna! Io chiedo al cielo
E al mondo: dite, dite
Chi la ridusse a tale? E questo è peggio
Che di catene ha carche ambe le braccia;
Sì che sparte le chiome e senza velo
Siede in terra negletta e sconsolata,
Nascondendo la faccia
Tra le ginocchia, e piange.

The sustained yet musical vehemence of this opening is continued throughout. Leopardi does not join the cry of those who exclaim against Italy's fatal gift of Beauty. He feels that Italy's greatness is *not* the cause of her abasement; but that her sons are no longer worthy of her: their ancient courage and manliness have deserted them.

But these men, so supine in their country's cause, are invincible when fighting for another, and this thought wrings from the poet a cry of anguish. He then turns from the degeneracy of his age to those happy antique times when men gloried in dying for their country; this leads him to think of the Thessalian passes, where a handful of men were stronger than the might of Persia, stronger than fate itself; and then, as St. Beuve says, "il refait hardiment le chant perdu de Simonide,"*

The second canzone, that on the proposed monument to Dante, is in the same strain: or,

let us rather say, it pours forth the same indignant sorrow: for, in point neither of thought nor expression, is it a reproduction of its predecessor. In its patriotic hatred towards France, the despoiler of Italy, we read the effects of that same spirit which animated a Körner and an Arndt; with this additional motive, that while the Germans only hated a cruel enemy, Leopardi, hated the enemy, who, having conquered his country, sent her sons to perish amidst the distant snows of Russia.

We have no means of ascertaining what effect was produced by these two odes upon the minds of his countrymen. His father, however, so far from approving of the poet's patriotism, was highly indignant at it, and the result was a painful dissidence between them. Unhappily, this wound was rendered incurable by the son's separation from the faith of his ancestors,—by what Leopardi used to call his "philosophic conversion," which happened soon afterwards. Bred up a strict Catholic, early nurtured in the writings of the Church's best defenders, he nevertheless passed, by what steps is now unknown, from the submission of a fervent piety to the freedom of unlimited scepticism. The paternal mansion then became insupportable to him, and he quitted it. The means of subsistence were parsimoniously afforded him, and at length altogether withdrawn. "Les détails précis," adds St. Beuve, "qu'on pourrait donner sur certains instans de détresse d'un si noble cœur seraient trop pénibles."

It was in 1822 that Leopardi left Recanati, and first went to Rome. His reputation as a *savant* had preceded him, and he was employed to draw up a catalogue of the Greek MSS. in the Barberini Library. There he made the acquaintance of Niebuhr, who at once properly appreciated him, and introduced him to the Chevalier Bunsen, with whom the poet contracted a strong friendship. Niebuhr himself, the greatest scholar of the age, found in Leopardi a sagacious and useful assistant, and in return for the observations by which he had profited, paid a handsome tribute to his young friend.* Nor did his good will stop there; he endeavored to better the young scholar's condition, and obtained a promise from the Cardinal Gonsalvi to give him some employment. Unhappily, the cardinal affixed a condition to his promise, that Leopardi should take orders; a condition, of course, declined. Niebuhr subsequently offered him a professorship in Berlin; but his sickly frame forbade his residence in a northern climate, and he was forced to decline that also.

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1844. Vol. vii. p. 913. An able and interesting paper, wherein he has brought forward some biographical materials never before published.

* Niebuhr, in prefazione ad *Flavii Merobandis carmina*. Second Edition, p. 13.

While at Rome he published some of his most important philological researches; and had to endure the jealousies and *tracasseries* of a certain Mangi, the librarian, whom he lashed in two satirical sonnets under the name of *Manzo* (an ox).^{*} But to a poet the Eternal City could not be made vulgar by any petty jealousies; Rome was one continued inspiration to Leopardi. He walked amidst its ruins, and felt that even in its ruins it was sacred ground. "Vagando tuttavia solitario," says Ranieri, "interrogò lungamente quei silenzi e quelle ruine, e lungamente in sul tramonto del dì, pianse, al lontano pianto delle campane, la passata e morta grandezza." No one ever felt more thoroughly the real grandeur of Rome, and he saw, in the recent discovery of Fronto's *Letters* and Cicero's *Republic*, the signs of a complete resuscitation of ancient writers, which would force the moderns to catch something of their spirit. In the first Revival of Letters, how great was Italy! Shall there be a second Revival, and no response be heard? The first produced a Dante, a Petrarch, an Ariosto, a Tasso, a Columbus; the second will produce a new race, of whom Alfieri is the chief.

Nothing can be more natural than that a poet and a scholar should look to literature as the regenerator of his country; and, consequently, to a second Revival of Letters as the one thing needful. So long as the love of letters survives, he says, Italy will not be dead; and, as a commentary on this text, we refer to his noble ode to Angelo Mai. The lines in it on Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, are worthy of the names they commemorate.

The date of this canzone, as St. Beuve pertinently remarks, is the same as that of Manzoni's *Carmagnola* (1820). "Le drapeau d'une réforme littéraire flottait enfin, toute une jeune milice s'ébranlait à l'entour;" and this period will form one of the most instructive epochs in the history of literature, characterized as it is by the rising of five great nations against the despotism of a system, and the spontaneous recurrence of each to its early writers. The court of Louis XIV. had long domineered over the literature of Europe. Taste in the fine arts was religiously accepted from French critics, and the critics could see nothing but *le grand siècle*. The rude strength and healthy vigor of the early poets were universally pronounced barbarous, because they were (undeniably) against "good taste." The luxuriant foliage of luxuriant trees was thought

inelegant, and was clipped; the *naïveté* of nature was ridiculed, and was banished: in fact, health and simplicity were sacrificed to artificial refinements. The Court was everything, and nature labored under the disadvantage of never having been "*presented*." The few masterpieces which genius produced in spite of the trammels of the reigning taste, and which are masterpieces because created by men of genius, were cited as splendid examples of the truth of what critics taught; and to Europe the argument seemed conclusive, because men did not understand that great works are the products of genius, not of system. Certain it is, that wherever you cast your eyes during the close of the seventeenth and throughout the eighteenth centuries, the perruque of Louis XIV. is before you, stiff and pompous. The trees and groves are not allowed their natural proportions, but are trimmed into rigidity. The muses are wigged.

The reaction came. Lessing, the brilliant, restless, irregular, but intrepid captain of his age, harassed the imperial forces on all sides, routed, and finally drove them ignominiously from the field. Germany began to have a literature of her own. England returned to Shakespeare, Spenser, and her ballad literature; so great was the reaction, so strong the feeling against the French School, that even eminent poets could discuss, and without final agreement, too, the astonishing question, — Was Pope a poet? Spain made an effort to throw off the yoke of France, and began to inquire about Lopes de Vega, Calderon, and the *cancionero*. France rose up against her own glory, and the *école romantique* sounded the tocsin of revolt. In Italy the standard was as openly raised. Everywhere men fought in this quarrel as if their liberties were inseparably connected with the abrogation of the unities, as if on the permission to use familiar and even trivial language in poetry was staked the whole interests of society.

The outlines of the history of this reaction have often been sketched, but one point has not, we believe, hitherto been insisted on, and it is this: not only was the reaction against *le grand siècle* felt throughout Europe, but in each country the tendency of the New School was the same. This identity of principle is suggestive, and nothing can be easier than the proof of its universality. A strong predilection for the early national literature — a blind reverence for the great Immortals who had early thrown around the nation the lustre of their genius — a prééminence given to Nature and the so-called Natural above all conditions of Art — such were the characteristics of the New School in each country.

^{*}The reader will doubtless recall Paul Louis' celebrated quarrel with the Librarian Puccini, and his change of the name into Puccini. See that marvel of wit, pleasantry, and polemics, his *Lettre à M. Repouard*.

Thus we see Wordsworth, and, with few exceptions, the poets and critics, his contemporaries, at the head of a movement to dethrone Pope and reinstate Shakspeare: this was their great theme, upon which they played many trashy variations, which the future historian of literature will find no difficulty in recognizing. We see also Klopstock, Herder, and above all, Goethe and Schiller, recurring to the early sources of ballad literature, and resuscitating the middle ages. Alfieri, too, and his followers reinstate Dante on the throne, and worship him as the English worshipped Shakspeare. So, also, in France, the *école romantique* sneers at the great writers of the seventeenth century; endeavors to understand and imitate Shakspeare and Goethe; and, innovating in language, dares to be trivial in order to prove that its tastes are natural. Greece and the middle ages; Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, and the ballad literature — these were the models which each nation placed before itself.

It is to be noted that, though belonging to the new school, Leopardi has his place apart in it. While the Manzoni, Berchet, and others, were agitating theories of dramatic art, discussing the unities as a vital problem, he paid no attention whatever to the question. Moreover, while Italy, as well as England and France, was greatly influenced by Germany, there is not a trace of that influence on Leopardi. This is a point to be insisted on, because it lets us into the secret of his poetic nature. He was not ignorant of Germany; his friendship with Niebuhr, Bunsen, and Sinner, must have been the means of rendering him acquainted with its best writers; but they were evidently uncongenial to him. His clear, southern nature, could ill sympathize with the mysticism, reverie, and absence of precision and beauty which belong to the north. Even Goethe seems to have made little or no impression on him. "The Memoirs of Goethe," he says in a letter to Puccinotti, "contain much that is new and excellent: all his works, and a great proportion of the works of other Germans, do so. But they are written with such wild confusion and obscurity, and evince such *bizarre*, mystical, and visionary sentiments and ideas, that I cannot say they really please me much." Thus partly, no doubt, from early culture and familiarity with the masterpieces of antiquity, but greatly also from the bias of his own mind, he received no durable impression from the literature of Germany.

The distinctive characteristic of Leopardi's poetry is despair over the present, accompanied with a mournful regret for the past. His sympathies are with Greece and Rome: his deep

compassion with Italy. His mind seems to linger with touching mournfulness over the remains of the antique world, to recall which for his beloved Italy he would have gladly laid down his life. It was an error, perhaps, but a generous and poetic error.

From Rome, where all things spoke to him of the days he regretted, he returned to the "abhorred and inhabitable Recanati." There his health becoming worse and worse, his studies were almost entirely interrupted: and in his pain and solitude he had no resource but poetry. "Io cercava," he says, "come si cerca spesso colla poesia di consacrare il mio dolore." He poured his sorrows into song, which immortalized him and them. His was no fictitious grief: it was a malady of the body and of the mind — disease and despair. Never free from pain, he had not mental peace to soothe him. He was a stoic-sceptic. In everything he wrote, verse or prose, dedication or familiar letter, you may see the traces of a deep sense of the nothingness of life, a poignant feeling of its unhappiness, and a stoic contempt for the suffering which bowed him to the earth. Listen to this passage, taken from a calm letter to his friend Brighenti:—

"Aged twenty-one, having commenced while yet a child to think and to suffer, I have run the round of a long life, and am morally old and decrepit; especially now that the enthusiasm, which was the companion and aliment of my life, has passed away in a manner which alarms me. It is time to die — it is time to yield to fortune: the most horrible thing that a youth can do — youth, so full of hope as it usually is; but it is the only pleasure that remains to one who has long convinced himself he was born with the sacred and indelible malediction of Fate."

A gloom was on the world; he had neither the faith, which is a ray of light even in the darkness of death, nor that happy elasticity of mind which could say to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art fair," and with it be content. At times, indeed, as in the *Bruto Minore*, his scepticism rouses him to defiance:—

"O miserable life! we are but the merest trifles. Nature is not troubled at our wounds, nor do the stars darken at the sight of human agony. Dying, I appeal not to the deaf kings of Olympus or Coeytus — to the contemptible Earth — nor to Night — nor to Thee, O last ray in the darkness of Death, the belief in a Future State. Let the winds take my name and memory."

Elsewhere he asks, "Of what use is life? to despise it."

Nostra vita che val? solo a spregiarla.

Do not suppose these things were said out of bravado or poetic caprice. His letters are sadder even than his poetry. "La calamità," he once wrote to a friend, "sono la sola che vi convenga, essendo virtuoso." In one of his dialogues he makes Nature, addressing a soul about to enter a human frame, say, "Vivi e tu sii grande e infelice;" for he could not understand how happiness was possible, unless man was too stupid to apprehend his own fate. Suffering, deep and constant, was Leopardi's individual lot; and the condition of his nation seemed to him little better: for it was to the many one of cowardly submission, of galling servitude to the few, who felt their chains, and knew that liberty was hopeless. The time was out of joint. Leopardi, quoting the verse of Petrarch,—

Ed io son un di quei che'l pianger giova

(And I am one of those whom grief delights),

adds, "I cannot say this, because grief is not my inclination, but a necessity of the time, and the will of Fate."*

As the "poet of despair," we know of no equal to Leopardi. But he is too limited ever to become popular. His own experience of life had been restrained within a small sphere by his misfortunes: it was intense but not extensive; consequently his lyre had but few strings. He had thought and suffered, but had not lived; and his poems utter his thoughts and sufferings, but give no image of the universal life. Yet he is never tiresome, though always the same. His grief is so real and so profound, that it is inexhaustible in expression; to say nothing of the beauty in which he embalms it. Something of the magic of his verse he, doubtless, owes to that language which ennobles the most trivial thoughts, and throws its musical spell over the merest nothings; but more to the exquisite choice of diction, which his poet's instinct and his classic taste alike taught him. It is worthy of remark, that while Italian is, perhaps, of all languages the easiest for the composition of poetry, all the great Italian poets have been slow and laborious composers: they have had to combat against the fatal facility of their tongue, as the French do against the enormous difficulty of theirs. We are not, therefore, surprised at Leopardi's account of his own slow and elaborate mode of composition,† which is very similar to that recounted by Alfieri of

himself: the conception of the poem was the result of a momentary inspiration or frenzy (*un ispirazione o frenesia*); the execution always demanded time. He was no master of the accomplishment of verse, and able to write at a given moment on a given theme; if the poetic enthusiasm seized him he could write, not otherwise. "Se l'ispirazione non mi nasce da se, più facilmente uscirebbe acqua da un tronco, che un solo verso dal mio cervello. Gli altri possono poetare sempre che vogliono; ma io non ho questa facoltà in niun modo.—*Opere*, vol. iii. p. 365.

The years 1825–26 he passed at Bologna, during which time he published more canzoni. Among them is one entitled *First Love*, from which, and from some of the other poems, "il resulterait," says St. Beuve, "que Leopardi n'a connu de ce sentiment orageux que la première et la plus pure, la plus douloureuse moitié, mais aussi la plus divine; et qu'il n'a jamais été mis à l'épreuve d'un entier bonheur." Alas! the poor, sickly, humpbacked poet, could expect to find no favor in a woman's eyes, and found none; the heart to love was not cased in a form to be loved.* That his devotion was ill received is unquestionable; and we have no doubt but that he translated the satire by Simonides, "On Women," with cruel sincerity. That he was deeply hurt may be gathered from his strange outburst in one of his letters, wherein he writes, "L'ambizione, l'interesse, la perfidia, l'insensibilità delle donne che io definisco un animale senza cuore, sono cose che mi spaventano."

As love poems, Leopardi's have one merit above their class; we mean their truth. They are the transcripts of real emotions, and not the ingenious caprices of a mind at ease, playing with regrets. One example is worth citing. Poets have told us till we are heartily tired of hearing it, that the moment they loved, Nature wore a new and brighter aspect to their eyes,—that, in fact, they were awakened to a sense of Nature's beauties by the keen delight within them. It never occurred to us that this rhapsody might be false, till we read in Leopardi the true feeling. Directly he loved, Nature became no longer the delight she had been. Fame was a bubble, Knowledge was idle; for one passion swallowed up all the rest.

Verses to the moon are suspicious, for, though one of the most melancholy and poetical objects in existence, she has had the discredit of so many and such wretched poems,

* "Questo uomo si portò intatto nel sepolcro il fiore della sua virginità; e per questo medesimo, amò due volte (benche senza speranza) come mai nessun uomo aveva amato sulla terra."—RANIERI, p. 26.

* *Opere*, vol. iii. p. 339.

† See *Lettere*, *Op.* vol. iii. p. 365.

that one begins to doubt her power of inspiring ; yet who that ever looked on her sad face can help being charmed with the delicate pathos of these lines ?—

Alla Luna.

O graziosa luna, io mi rammento
Che, or volge l'anno, sovra questo colle
Io venia pien d'angoscia a rimirarti :
E tu pendevi allor su quella selva
Siccome or fai, che tutta la rischiari.
Ma nebuloso e tremulo dal pianto
Che mi sorgea sul ciglio, alle mie luci
Il tuo volto appariva, che travagliosa
Era mia vita : ed è, nè canzia stile,
O mia diletta luna. *E pur mi giova*
La ricordanza, e il noverar l'etate
Del mio dolore.

This reads like a chapter of the heart's memoirs, and not like a "copy of verses" to the moon. The same may be said of the charming poem which precedes it, *La Sera del dì di Festa*, too long for extract, and of several other pieces in the volume ; and this quality, far beyond the mere art of verse, will render them durable. Only that which is vital and issues out of life can hope to live ; and Leopardi will not pass away with the fashion of a day, because his poems are the expressions of real emotions.

From 1826 to 1831 he resided principally at Florence, contributing to the *Antologia*. Surrounded by valued friends and men of high reputation, his time would have passed gaily enough, had not his physical infirmities daily increased. Banished from his father's house, he was obliged to demand that feeble succor from his pen which home denied him. Many men have had a similar fate, and borne it without complaining ; but they have, for the most part, been fortified by Hope and Health. Leopardi, with his infirmities, had a hard battle to fight, and he fought it courageously.

Among the works written at this period, we must not pass over without mention his *Dialogues*, the style of which, a great judge, Manzoni, declared had never been surpassed ; and a collection of detached thoughts, not at all in the Rochefoucauld strain. We must confess, however, that to us, his prose derives much of its interest from his poetry ; it is not satisfactory in doctrine, nor happy in tone. The learned essays on philological subjects are more to our taste,—that is, when we are in a philological mood ; but as that mysterious entity, the "general reader," can hardly be expected to be often in such a mood, we spare him some tiresome pages on the matter. One word, nevertheless, on the paradoxical essay, Whether Horace was considered a great poet by his contemporaries ?

Leopardi's proposition is, that Horace was a great innovator, and, consequently, severe on his predecessors, such as Plautus and Catullus ; but as the literary taste of his age manifested a retrograde tendency, and affected to return to the earlier writers, Horace suffered therefrom. Virgil, he says, was always recognized as the great poet we know him to be ; but the grandeur and national interest of the *Æneid* appealed to every Roman's sympathies, whereas, the *Odes* of Horace could pretend to no such popularity. The grounds on which he supports this proposition are of various strength, but the two principal are these :—1. The silence of Velleius Paterculus (*Hist. lib. ii. cap. 36*), who, enumerating the great writers, mentions Cicero, Hortensius, Crassus, Cato, Sulpicius, Brutus, Calvus, Cæsar, Sallust, Varro, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Livy, Tibullus, Ovid, and even Calpidius, Celius, Corvinus, Pollio, and Rabirius ; but not a word of Horace. To our apprehension, this passage proves too much. It never can be maintained that Horace was not better known than Corvinus or Rabirius. Moreover, the mere omission of a name says nothing ; that may rest with the transcriber, or it may have been a clerical error on the part of Paterculus. Quintilian himself, in his enumeration of the Roman poets (which includes the most insignificant names), has omitted Phædrus.* Now to No. 2. In one of Fronto's letters, he speaks of "Horatius Flaccus memorabilis poeta mihi quæ propter Mecenatem et Mecenatianos hortos meos non alienus." Leopardi contends, that the reason here given by Fronto, proves Horace not to have reached that apex of renown which he subsequently reached, otherwise Fronto would have spoken of him as a poet who stood in no need of support from without himself. A Florentine might reasonably say, "Cavalcanti is a poet for whom I have some regard, because he is my countryman ;" Cavalcanti not being so incontestably great as to stand in no need of accidental associations to make him memorable. But if any one were to say, "Dante is a memorable poet, and one who, being a Florentine, is not a stranger to me," he would make himself ridiculous ; Dante being esteemed by every one, not simply memorable, but divine. Leopardi thus assumes that Fronto's mention of the gardens of Mæcenas as a reason why Horace was to him *non alienus*, is proof that Horace was, not for his poetry's sake alone, deemed worthy of mention.

This is not ill put : but, with due submission to so excellent a scholar, we venture to think that the words *memorabilis poeta* imply all

* Inst. Orat. x. l.

that is necessary for the counter-argument; and that when Fronto says, "*mihique propter . . . non alienus*," he may be understood in two ways: first, as affording an additional and *personal* reason why Horace should be no stranger to the writer (and Horace at no time enjoyed so august a reputation as to be above such little personal attractions): secondly, as Pietro Giordani (Leopardi's editor) suggests, "Che Frontone dicendo *non alienus* voglia piuttosto dire 'ha qualche relazione con me,' divenuto possessore dei giardini del suo amico Mecenate." Not to pursue the subject further, we fancy that Leopardi's paradox will seduce very few.

The erudite essays, which the pious love of Leopardi's friends has collected together in one curious volume, may be commended to the attention of scholars; the public will not heed them, or heeding, will think of them with a certain interest, only as the productions of one born with a spirit for great achievements, to whom all achievements were denied. It was not an age for action, and the most energetic of his countrymen were powerless. To the absence of a fitting theatre whereon to play a heroic part, there was added the want of a physical organization capable of supporting even the humblest part; and the soul of the poor emaciated hunchback felt itself doubly imprisoned,—first, in a prostrate, nerveless country: secondly, in a feeble, helpless body. What, then, remained for him? Incapacitated for action, unable to incarnate his thoughts in deeds, he incarnated them in poems and essays. And if in this lower sphere of human activity, as he regarded it, he sometimes frittered away his time in the scholar's fascinating researches, no one who knows the temptation will blame him. Philology, to most a dry and fruitless study, was with him an early passion; and in the sadder earnestness of manhood it was indulged, because it kept him in closer familiarity with that Past which was the Golden Age of his credulous imagination, when, as he was wont emphatically to say, men *lived* and *acted*.

There is a tendency among modern writers to overvalue Thought, and to undervalue Action. This is partly, no doubt, as a set-off against the coarse depreciation by the mass of men, of those conquests that are merely intellectual; but partly, also, in consequence of authors living more secluded lives than when Æschylus stormed upon the dark-haired Persian at Marathon, or Cervantes lost his arm at Lepanto. In Germany we see this error pushed to an extreme; and the vices of her literature arise mainly from this, that literature is cultivated for its own sake, as a means, not as an end. What a contrast is presented by these

German writers, shut up in their studies, breathing an atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke and the dust of ponderous volumes, and squandering their lives in sterile speculations, or in laborious researches into matters of no human importance, to the free and active lives of the Greek and Roman writers, or even those of our Chaucers, Spensers, Shakspeares, Miltons, Clarendons, Burkes, &c.,—writers who were *men*, not thinking machines! And it is interesting to read the excuses Cicero frequently puts forward for his pursuit of literary fame, as in no way interfering with his active duties, but simply as dignifying his leisure. Leopardi thought with Cicero. If human life, he says, be the principal subject of literature, and if the regulation of our actions be the first intention of philosophy, there can be no doubt that to *do* is more dignified than to meditate or to write, inasmuch as the end is more noble than the means,—and things and actions than words and syllogisms.

"Thus (he continues) no mind is by nature created for studies: no man is born to write, but to act. Therefore do we see that the greatest writers and the most illustrious poets of our own times, such as Vittorio Alfieri, were from the first intensely inclined to *do* great things; but Time and Fate forbidding this, they *wrote* great things. Only those capable of executing great things are capable of writing them."*

So little was Leopardi of a mere bookworm! Forced to find in study a refuge against sorrow and *ennui*, he never exaggerated the part which study should occupy in man's life. Literature in his eyes was but a *pis aller* for action,—the mimicry of a life that could not be really lived. His great hope in literature was, that by means of it men would be stimulated to action. It angered him to see his countrymen reducing it to an amusement. "It can have but one solid principle," he said, "and that is the regeneration of our country"†

Leopardi's sense of helplessness was very keen; that he was useless in the world, where so much sorrow attended him,—that he only expected peace on quitting it, is evident in all his poems. The beauties of nature seem but to deepen his sadness; his very smile is painful. When not roused to indignation, his Muse has but one low plaint—a yearning for release from life. In one of his smaller pieces this is delicately touched; every reader who has known the luxury of reverie when contemplating a setting sun, will recognize the yearn-

* Il Parini, ovvero della gloria. Vol. i. p. 240.

† Vol. iii. p. 376.

ing for the Infinite Silence in his lines *L'Infinito*.

But it is in the poem on *Love and Death* that he most undisguisedly expresses that desire for release which the brilliant Frenchwoman uttered when she said, "I sometimes feel the want to die, as the wakeful feel the want to sleep." We had attempted a version of this poem, but, on consideration, refrain from printing it; the calm, deep beauty, and classical concision of the original, were no longer visible, and we doubt if any translation could convey them. As our present purpose is with the thoughts contained in the poem, we will venture on a line-for-line literal version, the very rudeness of which will prevent the reader from fancying that he has any image of the original before him, — an error which poetical versions insensibly create; and we are not sure but that greater pleasure will be derived from this literal rendering, than from a more ambitious attempt necessarily paraphrastic: —

Twins are Love and Death,
Children of Destiny.
Nought more beautiful
Is seen on earth, is seen in heaven.
From one is born the greatest good,
Is born the greatest pleasure,
Which in the sea of being can be found;
The other every mighty dolour,
Every mighty ill annuls.
She is a lovely girl,
Fair to look upon, and not
As coward man doth paint her.
Oft the boy, Love, delights
To keep her company;
And thus they flutter over mortal life,
The greatest comforts to wise hearts.
Nor is the heart ever wiser
Than when struck by love, nor ever stronger
In its contempt of miserable life,
Nor braver under any other captain.
For when you lend your strength, O Love!
Courage is either born or reawakened;
And men become
Not only wise in thought, but wise in act.

When a tender germ is newly
In a deep heart born,
Languid, weary in the bosom
Steals the desire for Death.
How I know not: but such
Of a true and powerful love is the effect.
Perhaps his eyes are scared
At the desert: to him the earth
Is uninhabitable now
Without that new, that sole, that infinite delight,
Which his thoughts prefigure.
But he, the storm foreseeing
About to burst upon his heart, yearns for repose, —
Yearns to be at rest within the haven,
Before that fierce desire
Which already roars, shall have steeped all in gloom.

Then when the formidable power
Has enveloped all,
And the invincible thunder bursts upon the heart,
How often with intense desire,
O Death, art thou implored by the wretched lover!
How often at eve, and often in the morning,
Abandoning his weary body,
Happy he would have deemed himself, if never
From his bed he had to raise himself,

Nor turned to look upon the garish light!
And often at the sound of funeral bells
Accompanying the dead to the eternal Forgetfulness,
With ardent sighs from the depths of his breast
He has envied him they bear to the grave.

Even the despised people,
The rustic clown without philosophy, —
Even the timid, modest maiden,
Who at the very name of Death
Felt her hair stand erect,
Dares with unflinching eye regard the tomb —
Dares meditate the poison and the knife,
And in her incult soul divines
The fascinating grace of Death;
So strongly doth to Death incline
Love's discipline!

Often the inward trouble grows so fierce,
That mortal strength, unable to endure it,
Either the body yields, and thus Death
Through her brother's power prevails,
Or else so vehemently love incites them,
That the rustic clown
Or the tender maiden
End their own lives with violent hands;
And the world laughs at their fate,
To whom the heavens peace and old age accord.

To the fervent, to the happy,
And to the magnanimous,
Both of you are by Fate conceded,
Sweet signiors, best friends
Of the human race;
To whom in the whole universe
None can compare, whose power
Is illimitable except by Destiny.

And thou, who from my earliest years
I, always honoring, invoked,
Beautiful Death, who alone pitiest
Our mortal agonies,
If ever I have fitly sung thy praise, —
If ever I have tried from vulgar insults
Thy divine lustre to avert,
No longer tarry, but incline on me!
Shut against the light forever
These sad, weary eyes, O Queen of Time!
Be sure that thou wilt find me ready
When thy wings are open to enfold me,
The brow erect, and armed against Fate.
Not blessing the hand which wounds me,
As cowards always do, and always have done.
Every vain hope, such as consoles
The children of this world, —
Every pale comfort, I have cast aside,
Hoping in thee, and only thee;
Hoping that day serene to see
When I shall within thy virgin bosom
Fold my sleep-weary face!

Leopardi did not long survive this appeal to Death. He lingered out his few remaining years at Naples, secluded from the world, secluded even from study, but somewhat consoled by the sympathy of his friend, Antonio Ranieri, and by that of Count Platen, a kindred spirit, who, in a rapid decline, had come from his cold Germany to linger out a few months longer at Naples. In the brief intervals of his respite from pain, Leopardi amused himself with composing a satyrico-political continuation to the *Batrachomyomachia* (*Paralipomeni della Batrach*), in eight cantos, which may, probably, be amusing to Italians, but has little attraction for foreigners. On the 14th of June, 1837, in his thirty-ninth year, just as Ranieri was about to re-

move him to Portici, the cholera having burst out at Naples, his sufferings ceased. A few hours before his death, says St. Beuve, he wrote some verses in the style of Simonides or Minnermus, "et dont voici le sens : Mais la vie mortelle, depuis que la belle jeunesse a disparu, ne se colore plus jamais d'une autre lumière ni d'une autre aurore ; elle est veuve jusqu'à la fin, et à cette nuit qui obscurcit tous les autres âges, les dieux n'ont mis pour terme que le tombeau." To the very last, the same despair!

Our task is done. We have introduced the name of a great writer and most unhappy man,

and, in a general way, indicated the nature of his genius and the cast of his thoughts. It remains for those who can appreciate and enjoy the one, without being ungenerous towards the other,—who can admire the writer while condemning his opinions, and who, in the calm serenity of their own minds, can still recognize a corner of doubt, and believe that, so long as doubt and sorrow shall be the lot of mankind, the poet whose lyre vibrates powerfully with their accents will deserve a place amongst the musical teachers,—it remains for them to seek in Leopardi's works a clearer, fuller knowledge of the man.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SIR RICHARD MACGINNIS AND THE SHERIFF.

A REMINISCENCE OF SOLDIERING IN TIPPERARY.

A merry going out often bringeth a mournful return, and a joyful morning a sad evening.

Thomas à Kempis.

"Och, and sure yer honor won't forget Tim! Tim, yer honor!" exclaimed one of those contortions of nature, yeelped a dwarf to a fine well-made son of the sister isle, as he walked down Dame Street, Dublin.

"By this, and by that, you are the *biggest* little blackguard I ever saw in my life," replied the gentleman, throwing him at the same time a tenpenny.

"Long life to yer honor, and thank yer honor," shrieked the dwarf, as he hobbled off to waylay another passer by.

"Well, Sir Richard, has the bay gelding won at the Curragh? I am just after seeing Larry Burns, and by dads, from his long face, and upturned nostril, I guessed you had had no luck. Why, he turned on his heel, and would not deign an answer," said a short gentleman with a low crowned hat, knowingly stuck upon one side, and a bright green cut-away coat mounted in brass.

"Then you have guessed too true, for as soon as the blackguard was called upon he shut up. However, my book is pretty square. I made up my loss out of Captain Seymour,—one of the castle aide-de-camps; he *would* back the English mare against a true bred son of the Emerald Isle."

"Arrah! Sir Richard, you did well. Ireland, mi boy, forever! Never mind, you are not cut out for a *flat*, eh? Twenty to ten you win the Cahir Steeple chase, with Brien Borhoime."

"I wish I may. Good day, good day."

The charitable donor and loser of the race was Sir Richard Macginnis, or, as he was familiarly styled,—ears polite, are we to utter it?—"Hell-fire Dick," was a true specimen of an Irish Gentleman. Kind, brave, liberal to a fault, ready to resent an injury, but lastingly grateful for a benefit; he had had many "an affair," and paced many a distance in the Phoenix, and had dropped and won many a fifty pound note at Daly's; but the days of which we chronicle were very different to these of pikes, felons, trials, and soldiers in the old capital of Ireland. She was then in the zenith of her glory, the envied of the envied, or, in the words of Lever, "There was wealth more than proportioned to the cheapness of the country, and while ability and talent were the most striking features of every circle, the taste for gorgeous display, exhibited within doors and without, threw a glare of splendor over the scene, that served to illustrate, but not eclipse the prouder glories of the mind."

At an early age Sir Richard Macginnis had come into an *Irish* property of about four thousand a-year, a *little* encumbered with debts, in Tipperary. Ah! many a time had the old walls of Castle Knock vibrated with the merry song and chorus o'er the generous port, many a time had its oaken floor received the ponderous shock of a four-bottled-man. Many and many a guest had enjoyed true

Hibernian hospitality in the old castle; many a fox had been tally ho'ed away from its covers, and many a snipe or 'cock had fallen to the unerring aim of its noble owner, or his sporting friends; but alas! these palmy days were not to last forever. Sir Richard, bitten with the mania of travelling, determined to view the *beauties* of England, where at Cheltenham, he met, wooed, and won, the fair, accomplished, though dowerless daughter of Admiral Howard. For a time affairs went on smoothly; Dublin was yearly sought, and expense followed expense; but in a few years the baronet found his property mortgaged to lawyers and money-lenders, his rents badly paid, the Union passed, and blessed with a son as errant a pickle as ever lived, whose education was entrusted to the combined care of the Protestant clergyman and Father Gleeson (for though Sir Richard was a staunch Catholic himself, he considered *all* sects, whether Roman, Greek, or infidel, as — brethren). But the young scion and his two pedagogical divines were much like a person attempting to sit upon *two* chairs at one and the same time, and the old issue was the consequence; but the youth's fall was either upon his legs or seat,—for he almost daily contrived to escape the exhortations of the Rev. Mr. O'Neil, or the Latin expositions of Father Mark, to rush to the whoo—op of Pat Sullivan the Irish huntsman, or the to-ho of Jack Moffatt, the English keeper; in time his view holloa was clearly heard at the cover side as he saw sly reynard steal away, and his merry laugh reëchoed through the sylvan glades as he shot the errant woodcock, until he became as good a shot as his father, and few could beat him with the Tip. Hunt on black Mungo.

The — Dragoon Guards were quartered at Cahir (or, as some garrison punsters, unjustly though it be, call it "*dull care*,") and a subaltern's detachment was thrown out to Fethard under the command of Lieutenant Mytton.

Jack Mytton was the only son of a wealthy Yorkshire squire, who, not being able to manage his son at home, procured him a commission in the — Dragoon Guards, as he then hoped his son would be under some restraint. Poor Jack! he had talents for everything but soldiering; he could make as good a book on the Derby, play as good a game of chess, calculate the odds, or win a rubber of billiards as the best man alive, but to manœuvre a troop, or tell off a squadron, was far beyond his comprehension; and in proof thereof, he had ridden and won two steeple-chases before he had been dismissed his riding drill, and

had made a good "pot" on the St. Leger, before he could change front to the right.

One day a party of Mytton's brother officers drove over from headquarters to see him at Fethard.

"Ah! ah! Jack, old boy," cried Captain Osprey on their arrival, "how are you? Had any shooting?"

"How is the detachment?" inquired Cornet Whiskerless.

"How is the hay?" inquired a third.

"What is the price of meat a pound?"

"Hunting any more of her Majesty's troopers?" asked Captain Osprey.

"Ah, my boy!" replied Mytton, "recollect the Italian proverb, '*L'imatti banno bolletta di dir cio che voglion.*' So hold your peace of troopers."

"I see you have Boatswain still," said Whiskerless, as a shaggy Irish spaniel came jumping and fondling to the party.

"The best dog that ever lived," replied Mytton. "I was shooting at Colonel Mulhane's lask week, and having bagged twenty couple of snipe—"

"Oh! oh! oh! O! O! o!" chorused the party.

"Well, believe me or not, my story is true. Well, I had drawn my left barrel's charge, and was returning home through a little cover, when old Boatswain sprang a woodcock, but not liking to discharge my right barrel, for fear of repealers, I walked on and took no notice; not so old Boatswain, who reared himself on his hind legs and marked him—on I walked—but the dog tugged at my jacket. At last, I followed him, and he led me to bush, whining and looking in my face, until I had reloaded my gun, when he sprang forward, and up rose a fine woodcock—which, gentlemen, I am happy to say I have ordered for this day's dinner."

"Ah! ah!" cried Osprey, "the author of the '*Arabian Nights*' has at last been discovered."

"Why, I suppose you are first cousin to the young gentleman who *walked out* of an Afghan tent at Sobraon, after his legs had been shot off."

"Why Mytton, you are quite an Herodotus," said Osprey.

"By-the-by, you did not send the sea-serpent story to the Lords of the Admiralty, did you?" inquired another.

"That certainly was a very *fishy* tale," said Whiskerless.

"Well, come," replied Jack, "a truce to your disbelief, however; after your drive, I make no doubt a little luncheon will be acceptable."

"I have a very unpleasant duty to perform to-morrow," said Mytton, as they sat in the old oaken-panelled mess-room at Fethard on the night in question. "I am ordered to assist the sheriff, who is going to levy a distress warrant upon Sir Richard Macginnis. Poor Dick! the best friend I have in these parts."

"Oh! oh! oh! fancy Mytton aiding the civil power;" chorused the whole party. "What time do you start?"

"The route says six," replied Jack.

"Six!" exclaimed Osprey, "why, you will hardly have the very slightest appetite for breakfast. By gad, I know I never have one till noon."

"Oh! establish a commissariat on the road; send a fatigue party off to-night with liqueurs, moselle, and champagne; and if there is one thing a shoeless, dirty, Irish cook can toss up better than another, it is a lamb coutelette à la Tata," said Whiskerless with a sneer.

"Yes, I am sure you will have quite a little *fête champêtre*," said a third. "How I envy you!"

"Well," cried Mytton, in rather excited tones, "a pony all round that I perform this duty so that were his Grace of Wellington commanding he could not do it better."

"Done! done! done!" said the party, and the bets were properly booked.

Then followed the usual light desultory scandalous conversation of the mess-room, where the flirtations of Miss Smith were duly discussed, with the merits of the Derby winner, and the tenets of the Bishop of Exeter, with Bendigo the prize-fighter; and after these topics had been drained equally with the claret, a little hazard—à la poulette concluded the excitement of the evening.

At six o'clock the following morning Lieut. Mytton and his party of dragoons left the barracks of Fethard, he inwardly execrating his luck at having to leave his brother officers, who were going that morning—in the words of the Irish gossoon—to "slate" the snipe, while they (his brother officers) were delighted at the preposterous idea of Mytton ever being detached upon duty. Half-way on his road, Mr. Sandy Macgregor, the sheriff, and his two coadjutors, as ruffian-looking gentlemen as ever graced—or disgraced, the Bog of Allen, joined the dragoons. Mr. Macgregor was a Scotchman, as you might conceive from his name, the only son of a humble butcher in Glasgow, but early in life he showed the *cacoëthes scribendi*, and he used to supply the poet's corner and local information of the provincial press with "the paper bullets of his brain" until a contested election took place, when, for some good work for the radical member, he

was appointed agent, or factor to a Tipperary estate, which, not relishing such a woodcock life, he quickly resigned, however, for the lucrative office of sheriff and C. P. of the riding.

"Foin day, captain," said Macgregor.

"It is," was the sulky reply.

"It's too good a day for the deed, captain; but if a mon boorows siller, he mon pay, that's Scotch law; but this is an unco stoney wynd," said the sheriff, as his horse stumbled over the loose stones. "My curse upon ye, ye stumbling brute! ye ugly creeeping blastit wonner! He is but a stitched up thing, captin. I borrowed him of the vint'er of Clonmel; my ain galloway is sairly racked wi' the rheumatics, and he's as lame as an ould cat."

"The Duke of Leeds writes that Eisenburgh cured his feet; perchance that chiropedist might do your horse some good, or indite a note to Lord Aldborough, he is always writing to the papers about some pills; he may give you some advice, gratis, yah!" replied Mytton, with a yawn, "do any thing, in short, but weary me with your stories of your horses."

"Beg pardin, captin. But I have an unco drouth, let us stop at this 'shebeen,' as the Irish folk call it, and have a drappie of bunch-toddy, eh? you ken what our poet sings,

"But bring a Scotchman from his hill,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
Say, sic is royal George's will.
An there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow."

"Well," said Mytton, "I do not mind a small drop of whiskey; I am rather cold, and it is such a bore this work."

"'Thunder and turf,' as the Irish say; I agree with you," replied the sheriff, as they drank their whiskey.

"And sure, then," observed one of Macgregor's deputies, when the detachment was once more in motion; "if he preached what he practised he would give us poor devils a drop. Didn't I hear him hold forth at Manchester as how we were all brethren, all equal, all men?"

"Your govenour, I suppose. Oh, I could well believe it, the d—n hypocrite," observed a dragoon, who had been everything, from a methodist parson to a pickpocket, "but a day of reckoning is at hand."

"And sure we all know that; it's the day Dan O'Connell brings in repeal," said the Paddy.

"My friend! I speak not of terrestrial, but of celestial matters. I speak of that time when those who have received much, of *them* much will be required," said the dragoon, with emphasis.

"Well, and sure isn't that the day when we get repeal? Hasn't O'Connell got much? God help ye! two and threepence of mine last Palm Sunday; and, by dads! shan't we require much of him? He requires a tithe of our wages—but, mi boy, when Parliament sits in College Green then we shall be repaid, cent. per cent."

"But I am afraid the cent. per cent., like my promotion, will be a long time coming," answered private Lomax. "My only hope is Mister O'Connell will introduce equality; let us have a Commonwealth, it is the only principle to find favor with the masses. Let us divide the funds of the aristocracy. You know—

"Princes or peers may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can take as a breath has made;
But a noble peasantry—"

That is the new name we will agitate under. Was not Adam our common father? Why should the aristocracy be rich? I do not see it laid down in the Bible to be the case. Look at my profession; the soldier gets drunk by day, the officer by night—what is the upshot? Why, the soldier sleeps on the floor of the mill, I beg your pardon, the guard room's trestle, the officer on his feather bed—but halt!

"—we're on dangerous ground,
Who knows how the fashions may alter?
The doctrine to-day, that is loyalty's sound,
To-morrow may bring us a halter."

"Come you, Mr. Lomax," said Sergeant-major Fieldday, riding up; "if you don't sit steadier on your house, I will give you a taste of awkward drill when we get back to barracks."

"Will it rain whisky," inquired Tom Shrub, "when you get repeal?"

"Be dads, and it will," replied Paddy.

"Then hurrah for repeal! I'll be any thing for a glass of whisky, except a coward to my country, or a traitor to my Queen," said Shrub.

"Do you hear?" cried Sergeant Fieldday, "press down your heel, Lomax; feel up your horse, Shrub—or awkward drill."

When the party approached the mansion of Sir Richard Macginnis, everything pertaining to it had the stamp of poverty and blunted exertion plainly marked. The old iron gates creaked and groaned on their rusty hinges; the woodbine and ivy were allowed to throw their unrestrained tendrils over the dilapidated lodge, while the pig shared the inside of the cottage with a dirty slatternly woman, and some half-dozen children of the same clique; while the hens were grubbing their resting-places among the uncultivated flower-plats.

A kind and beneficent nature had this autumn poured forth her gifts with a liberal hand, and as Sir Richard generally received his rents in kind, many a portly stack stood forth in the staggarth, and many a turkey or fat pig gobbled up the stray ears of wheat that lay scattered in all directions. Mr. Macgregor had already appropriated in *his mind*, a fine fat turkey for his next Sunday's dinner, and compressed his lips at the bare idea of the juicy bird.

While the sheriff and the soldiers were defiling up the avenue, Sir Richard was engaged in levelling a rising knoll of the park.

"Be gorha, Sir Richard!" shouted a shoeless, sockless lad; "here's the military, yer honor, here master, ein sidour—dou—ah! ah! fitheche, ah! buidhean—ein maor—Oh! Sir Richard, we shall be kilt."

"You are right, my boy, the soldiers are here; run, you young devil's spawn, run to the bog, tell the men to come down with the carts and take the farm-yard away to Conmaherra Mountain—run, you devil."

"Ah, your honor, and I will, and itsnt Pat that won't have sixty men from Barrymacrowdy Bog. Bad cess to the blackguards. Yes, Mr. Macgregor, it's queer to me if you die in your bed."

"Ah! the top of the morning to you, Jack, my boy," said Macginnis, welcoming Mytton at the front door; "marching order, eh?"

"Why, no—not *exactly*. No—Mr.—Mr.—this man—General—, got the—orders," replied Mytton, very much abashed.

"Yes, sir, I am the cause. I, sir, Sandy Macgregor, sheriff, late of Glasgow, but now of Clonmel,—the suit of one Mahali Solomons, a member of the Hebrew persuasion—800*l.*, to speak in round numbers, due the 15th of last month."

"Oh, Solomon's bill; well, sir, I am happy to have it in my power to settle it, so if you will leave the soldiers there, and walk into my study, I will pay you in Bank of Ireland notes. As for you, Mytton, old boy, a ride over our hills will have given you an appetite for breakfast; you will find Lady Macginnis in the dining-room."

"Sir, I do not think it the strategy of a general to leave the soldiers in the rear," said Macgregor, not at all relishing the idea of walking into the lion's jaws alone.

"Oh, hang your strategy and soldiers, I am for breakfast," replied Mytton, delighted at the termination of his duty; "go and get the money and join me in the breakfast-room; let the men dismount, Sergeant Fieldday and you can piquet the horses here until I come."

"Let us go into the drawing-room," said Lady Macginnis, after the breakfast was over, to Mytton, "I have got some new music from an English opera—'The Bohemian Girl'—it came out last season at Drury Lane."

"Oh, delightful!" said Mytton.

Lady Macginnis sat down to her pianoforte and sang some beautiful airs from that sweet opera, and, hacknied though they be now, still they bear with them that freshness and plain-tiveness that must make them popular in all seasons and in all ages. She then changed her theme to one of the song-loving Italy, or broke out into a wild chanson of her own native Isle.

Mytton was in the seventh heaven as he drank in the silvery tones of the fair songstress. "Could I but command my wishes it would be," exclaimed he, "to be sent upon a like duty every day."

"Are you sure of that?" said Lady Macginnis, with a meaning smile.

"Sure? Did you ask me such a question?" said Jack, his heart beating against his side. "Yes, Lady Macginnis, I AM sure."

"Ah! but we poor ladies know what your officers are. However, I suppose you have heard Lord de Grey has resigned the vice-royalty?"

Mytton heartily wished the vice-royalty at the bottom of the waves; he wished to resume the subject of love.

"You must really see my new garden, Mr. Mytton; so if you will remain here until I join you, I will show it to you; I only want to put a shawl and my cottage bonnet on—here is the *New Monthly* or the *Globe* to amuse you until my return," said Lady Macginnis.

Mytton turned the matter over in his own mind; he had made an impression, there was no doubt; he looked down the lace of his trousers, and brushed up his hair and came to the conclusion he was a much better looking man than he had ever thought himself before. Lady Macginnis was in love with him; on that point there was not a shadow of a doubt, in his opinion, but would she show it, or must he make the first advances, as Hamlet says, "Ay, there's the rub."

"Now to business," said Sir Richard to the sheriff, taking down a deal box.

"What's that for?" said Macgregor.

"Simply to aid our business," said Sir Richard, unlocking the box, and producing a pair of pistols.

"Now listen to me, sir."

"I will," said the sheriff, in abject tones.

"These pistols alone, or nearly so, remain to me of a once fine fortune, now, alas! gorged

by those land cormorants—Jews and bill-brokers. Not satisfied is Solomons with making me pay cent. per cent., not satisfied with pil-laging my property, not satisfied with insulting me, but to crown all, he sends a reptile like you to seize the subsistence of the next six months, backed as you are by soldiers. Sir! know then, by my own recklessness, by putting my faith in men I *believed* to be my friends, that has brought me to my present crisis, but not by dishonesty or fraud—my tenantry now owe me far, far beyond the amount of the bill you hold, but would I turn them from their hearths and homes, for their children to beg their bread or become meet subjects for the hulks? however—enough, here you sit until released by my orders—you shall then go unmolested, unhurt, but if you stir an inch it is at your peril. Moffat," he exclaimed, and a short stiff man with a bullet, bulldog head, entered, "Guard Mr. Macgregor; should he attempt to stir, give him—"

"A cold pill," growled Moffat, eyeing him under his shaggy eyebrows.

"Oh, Sir Richard! for pity's sake, leave me not with that—that thing—I will be so quiet, mon. I won't stir limb or leg. I won't—"

"Won't do what?" inquired Sir Richard.

"Won't say what I was going to say."

"Well, Sir Richard," replied the sheriff, after a pause, "suppose that velveteen gentleman should fancy, *fancy*, I say, I moved, and just popped the cold pill into me, it would be culpable homicide, indeed it would, Sir Richard. Lock the door, bind me hand and foot, do any thing, but leave me to the mercy of that thing."

"Never fear," said Sir Richard, as he left the room.

And there the sheriff and keeper sat, the latter as Homer sings—

Ωστε λλον ἐχέον μετ' ἄλω ἐπὶ σώματι κερσας
Εὐρων ἢ εὐαρον κερσων, ἢ ἄγριον, αἶγυα,

the former, upon the tip end of his chair, pale, with perturbation and fear breaking forth at every pore.

"I think she takes a precious long time putting on that cottage bonnet and shawl," exclaimed Mytton, as he turned over the concluding page of the *New Monthly*. "By everything that's beautiful, half past three!! Hush! I hear breathing—a gentle tap—the lady's maid at two to one—French perhaps—love is the soul of a strapping dragoon—so I shall just take one kiss," and he stole on tip-toe to the door, opened it, and bosh and clash he went headlong into the hall, over the prostrate body of Sandy Macgregor!

"Take that," said Mytton, when he was once more upon his legs, administering a swinging box on the ear, "take that for eaves-dropping."

"Mon aloive, I have feeling; weel mon, that's my ear, and I will make you pay for it, too. A pretty kettle of fish you have got into by keeping the dragoons in the park."

"Where are the dragoons?" inquired Mytton.

"I dinna ken," replied the sheriff.

"Where is Sir Richard—Lady Macginnis?"

"I dinna ken."

"What the devil do you 'ken'?" inquired Jack.

"Why this, I have been caged up with a gay ugly body, cocking and uncocking a gay ugly body for two hours. I have lost 800*l.* and fees, and I varily believe, Sir Richard is gone."

"G! O! N! E!" exclaimed Mytton, as a light suddenly broke out upon him. "Why the d—I didn't you knock the ugly man down—cried murder—anything?"

"Me knock the ugly beast down? no, cap-tin, you may be a man o' war, I am one of peace. I'm nae si fond of knocking men down."

"My master's compliments, and he desired me to give you this note," said a footman.

Mytton tore it open and read:—

"Dear Mytton,—Allow me to assure you that it is with feelings of sorrow, as far as you are concerned, that I am obliged to leave you in the sudden and unceremonious manner in which I have done; circumstances over which I had no control compelled me. I have gone to 'the Cave,' the entrance is guarded by a natural barrier of rocks, which I have strengthened by two Tipperary boys as sentinels; recommend Mr. Macgregor not to follow except he wishes to become the supper of the eagles. Accept the apologies of Lady Macginnis and myself, together with the assurance that we shall at all times be delighted to see you at Castle Knock. Believe me, very truly yours,

"RICHARD MACGINNIS.

"30 past 2 P.M."

"Duped!" exclaimed Macgregor, "and the stock and corn gone too—*duped by an Irishman!*"

"Duped!" echoed Mytton, in faint tones.

But let us now turn our thoughts to the dragoons, whom we left piqueted in the park. Nearly opposite the lodge lived Terence O'Flarthy, who had an uncommonly handsome daughter, with long black ringlets and melting

brown eyes—so when Sergeant Fieldday had kept post over the piquet for some hour or so, he became weary, and to disperse his *ennui* strolled to Mr. O'Flarthy's house to whisper soft nothings into Miss O'Flarthy's ear. Presently, Corporal Canteen espied a snug little shebeen near the other lodge gate, and he thought he might just step over there and taste the quality of the whiskey. Thus, link by link was that chain of responsibility broken, so lauded by the greatest captain of our age, the Duke of Wellington. The soldiers followed the example of their superiors, and when Mytton returned he found the horses linked together in charge of a recruit. Tom Shrub, insensibly drunk, Blackwood, a Sheffield rough, swearing he would not go home till morning, while Private O'Rourke swore "Jack, Lieutenant Jack, bedads, was a trump."

But the retreat to Fethard! Oh, for the talent and pencil of a Leech or a Brown! First rode Mytton on his black charger, heels down, in a hard gallop; then followed Macgregor, toes down, heels up, arms a-kimbo in a good round trot, while his dirty dressed subs *would* ride the soldiers' troopers, ludicrously contrasting their gay trappings with the men's patched coats, while one finished the picture by appropriating a soldier's helmet, giving him in return his crownless hat. In short, the whole road was strewn with relics of that day's adventure. Napoleon's retreat from Waterloo, or that of the Ten Thousand in ancient history, never equalled it.

* * * * *

But let us drop the green curtain, simply to rise it for the reprint of the *London Gazette*:—

"Cornet Waterloo, Quartre Bras Snooks to be lieutenant vice Mytton who retires."

New Monthly Magazine.

—
WILKIE'S "RELLY."

Chantry and Wilkie were dining along with me, (Collins, R. A.) when the former, in his great kindness for Wilkie, ventured, as he said, to take him to task for his constant use of the word "*reelly*," (really,) when listening to any conversation in which he was much interested. "Now, for instance," said Chantry, "suppose I was giving you an account of any interesting matter, you would constantly say, '*Reelly!*'" "*Reelly!*" exclaimed Wilkie immediately, with a look of the most perfect astonishment.—*Life of Collins.*

MEMOIRS OF CITIZEN CAUSSIDIÈRE.

Memoirs of Citizen Caussidière, ex-Prefect of Police, and Representative of the People. Two vols.

The true history of the famous February revolution will be a marvellous history when it comes to be written. Citizen Caussidière offers his humble contribution to it in these two volumes.

They are all about himself and very curious. The citizen takes no trouble to disguise his opinions, though he flings a decent veil over his acts now and then. He is a doughty specimen of a red republican. Red is his favorite color from first to last. He had his sword fastened with a red sash when he was installed in the prefecture; he had a sabre with red knots by his side, and a red sash round his waist with a pistol stuck in it, on his first visit to the provisional government at the Hôtel de Ville. Girt with these red companions, at the first planting of a tree of liberty by his officers of police, he preached fraternity "like a priest of the Redeemer." Blue turned up with red was the color of his republican guard, though he grieves to have to record that the red was changed the other day to blue altogether. However, he consoles himself with the persuasion that it "will become indispensably necessary to return to the red."

Citizen Caussidière's greatest glory, before the revolution, was to have been "a brave conspirator." As soon as the agitation about the reform dinners took a formidable shape, he went rubbing his hands to the offices of the *Réforme* newspaper, which he knew to be the head-quarters of a host of conspirators as brave as himself.

"The meeting which had the most influence on the turn of events was that convoked on the Monday evening in the bureaux of the '*Réforme*.' At this meeting a hundred citizens of tried courage and unflinching character loudly discussed the chances of a revolution. There were present Flocon, Baune, Etienne Arago, and all the Editorial staff of the journal; Caussidière, and other representatives of the secret societies; Louis Blanc, Thoré, and other journalists of the same opinions; Delecluze, of the '*Impartial du Nord*'; Pont, of the '*Haro de Caen*,' and other provincial journalists: Lagrange, Rey, Albert, and a host of brave conspirators and men well known in the different *quartiers* of Paris. At about

ten o'clock d'Alton Shee and Ledru Rollin arrived from the meeting held at Lamartine's, and made known what had been decided upon there. The sitting was most animated. Some contented themselves with an energetic protest against the king's ministers. Others urged that immediate preparations should be made to oppose force by force. The latter maintained that an insurrection was unavoidable, that one hundred thousand men well affected to the cause would present themselves in the morning in the public streets, and that such a splendid opportunity was not to be thrown away. The former feared a defeat, which the government would doubtless take advantage of, to crush by new and oppressive laws all possibility of meetings being held in future, all liberty of the press and propagandism, and the little that still remained of political rights and means of emancipation. It was, however, finally resolved that each man should betake himself separately, and *with his hands in his pockets*, to the Place de la Madeleine, to watch the course of events, and to gain over public opinion against royalty. In case of an outbreak, each member was to repair immediately to the office of the '*Réforme*,' to organize the movement with vigor, and to give it a republican character.'"

What passed between the Monday and Thursday the reader knows, and the citizen throws no new light upon. But thence through this rapid march of events, till our amiable citizen, so often in the clutches of the law, found himself suddenly the law's prime officer, the reader shall have a brief glimpse of what passed. The picture is somewhat vivid.

"Like many others, I arrived at the Palais Royal with a musket in my hand, and after the Chateau d'Eau had been carried by assault, I entered the Tuileries, astounded at the feeble resistance that had been made by the defenders of royalty. Like others, I stopped before the steps of the throne, and my thoughts wandered to my poor brother, murdered at Lyons in 1834. . . . On leaving the Tuileries, I proceeded to the office of the '*Réforme*' newspaper, where a great number of insurgents were appointing a government. When those citizens who had been nominated for the provisional power installed themselves at the Hôtel de Ville, there were still two important offices which demanded im-

mediate attention, the direction of the Post Office, which was at once entrusted to Etienne Arago, and the Préfecture of Police. I proposed Baune for the Police department; he declined. Several other citizens likewise refused. All who were put in nomination, declined so difficult a post. Flocon and Baune then proposed me, in conjunction with Sobrier. At first I would not accept the offer; but the entreaties of the people, and the knowledge that I should have Sobrier for a colleague, induced me at last to accept it. . . . I proceeded to the Préfecture, accompanied by Sobrier and Cabaigne, without any accession of self-esteem, but also without any mistrust of myself. I gave my musket and my pistols to Sobrier and Cabaigne, who had already laid aside their arms, and only retained my sabre, which was fastened round my body by a red sash. It was the sword of honor of my father. I had a cap on my head, a coat all bespattered with mud, a pair of black trousers, and a pair of boots worn into holes from four-and-twenty hours' incessant scrambling over barricades. I had about a hundred francs in my pocket. . . . As I entered the principal court of the Préfecture with my two comrades, all was disorder and confusion. The ground was strewed with helmets, horses' saddles, and military accoutrements. About 2,700 men, Municipal Guards and troops of the line, had just evacuated the Préfecture. A company of the 11th Legion alone appeared in anything like military order. It was the officers of this company, seconded by Adjutant Caron and M. Cartaret, who, to avoid a conflict, had induced the Municipal Guards and the line to withdraw. A great number of citizens, more or less armed, and still intoxicated by a success obtained without the effusion of blood, were walking up and down the courts, shouting 'Vive la liberté;' 'Vive la République!' and singing the Marseillaise hymn. The *coup d'ail* was extremely picturesque; it had all the effect of the wildest dream! I requested the captain of the National Guard to call his men together; and in a short address I announced my provisional nomination to the Préfecture, and exhorted all the citizens present to lend me their assistance towards the reëstablishment of order, and the providing against the most urgent demands of the moment. They promised with enthusiasm that they would do so, and kept their promise with zeal and intelligence. I then ascended, still accompanied by Sobrier and Cabaigne, to the apartments of the Secretary General, where I found only two *employés* and two bailiffs, who had remained at their posts. I remembered how often I had been ordered to

appear in that very room, when under a rigorous *surveillance* as *condamné politique*; for the jealous watchfulness of the Secretary-General and of the Prefect himself was continually excited by the reports of the secret police.

It was with such reflections that I took possession of a hotel, from which, but a few hours previously, a warrant of arrest had been issued against me. I placed my sword upon a desk, Sobrier did the same with his pistols, and we set to work at once."

There is not a doubt of it. They lost no time. The citizen's views, as he tells us, were to make the prefecture, which up to that time had only caused fear, "an instrument of conciliation and fraternity." In other words, the prefecture, which had caught rascals till now, was now to let all the rascals loose. So our good citizen-prefect and his friend Sobrier organized their guard of Montagnards, turned up their blue with red, armed them, put great red sashes round their waists, and bade them wait their golden opportunity. Caussidière's own expression is, that this force was to give weight to his authority, and enable him "to avoid having recourse to violent measures" in the execution of his orders.

Exactly so. There was to be no violence. To the violent, that is. The peaceable only were to be interfered with. Order was to be maintained by encouraging disorder. Brave conspirators were left free to organize plots; and if the plots tended to the glory of the republic, brave Montagnards were at hand to help them. In this way, even upon the showing of his book, we should have no difficulty in proving this good citizen Caussidière's direct complicity in all the successive attempts of March, April, May, and June.

But we have hurried on too fast. We wish the reader to take a glimpse, in company with the citizen prefect, at the provisional government on the evening of the 26th February. The description is really a graphic one, and we dare say true enough. One is sorry to find the estimable Flocon falling sick so soon, but he has had the advantage of remaining at large in consequence, which is no doubt a consolatory reflection to him. One sees, with this "love of talk," and this "indispensable green cloth," that there is no chance for poor Albert, who is quite out of his element; and even the "magisterial dignity" of the citizen prefect, though backed by pistol and sabre, must go home and dress itself before it can be fit for such too worshipful society.

"Whilst I was finding my way, as best I could, in this labyrinth of affairs of every

description, I only received indirect intelligence of what the Provisional Government was doing in its sittings at the Hôtel de Ville. I therefore resolved, on the evening of the 26th February, to go and pay them a visit, so as to inform myself on various subjects. I set out, accompanied by a guard of twenty men. I had no time to change my dress, and had by my side my sabre with the red knots, a brace of pistols in my sash, and my fighting cap. We arrived at the balustrade in front of the Hôtel de Ville, through innumerable guards and challenges of '*Qui vive?*' and were obliged every moment to give the pass-word. I can compare the entrance of the Hôtel de Ville to nothing else than a bee-hive. An armed and turbulent crowd thronged the steps. Those under the peristyle were on duty, and continually drove back the crowd which stopped up the staircase. To obtain an entrance it was necessary to make a regular assault, and bring into play both elbows and shoulders, at the risk of losing a limb or two. I was obliged to leave my escort behind and to try and force my way, accompanied by my lieutenant only. Twice I was driven back with loss, but, thanks to my vigorous efforts and to my being recognized by some citizens, I succeeded with my lieutenant, in reaching the staircase of the first story. The leader of the escort, whom I had taken in tow, was a sprightly student, who was all but stifled in the crush. The mass of armed and unarmed citizens that occasioned this confusion were there to see and hear what was going on; perhaps, also, to claim service at the Hôtel de Ville. It was the Tower of Babel on a small scale. If I did not lose one of my limbs in this rough passage, I lost one of my pistols. To save my *amour-propre* as Prefect, I have always endeavored to persuade myself that in the scuffle it fell out of my belt, but the fact is it was snatched out. I cannot say precisely at what moment; some honest citizen, doubtless, who had no arms, was of opinion that I did not need two, and that like good brothers we ought to go shares. I was somewhat disconcerted at it, as in critical moments like these a man is glad to have his weapons at hand. On the landing-place of the first floor I encountered similar obstacles to impede my progress to the Provisional Government. Its orders were so strict, that when one of its members presented himself alone, he had equal difficulties to contend against. The evening before, Citizen Ledru Rollin had been refused admittance, and it was with great difficulty that he rejoined his colleagues. Although the first floor swarmed with citizens and pupils of the Polytechnic School, the crowd was not so

be firm, and oppose yourself energetically to dense as below. In about an hour I at last reached the door of the council chamber. In a long gallery, through which I had to pass, the printers of the '*Moniteur*' were busy printing the decrees which left the council chamber. A somewhat disorderly activity was visible everywhere. Every man seemed aware of the necessity of getting through his work as fast as possible. All the members of the Provisional Government were seated round a large table with the indispensable green cloth. General Thiard, Recurt, Flottard, and other citizens were also seated at the governmental table. These gentlemen were literally buried alive in a heap of torn papers, which inundated the floor of the room, and reached up to an ordinary man's waist. A heavy and oppressive atmosphere weighed upon this assembly. I approached a window which was half open, my sabre under my arm, and awaited the termination of a discussion that was going on. I thus was a witness how the affairs of the Republican Government were managed. They commenced drawing up a decree, which was soon torn up, the fragments being sent to increase the heap upon the floor, and then all was commenced over again. The warfare between the moderate and democratic parties existed there in full force. Flocon and Garnier Pagès appeared to me the two most doughty champions, the one for energetic, the other for the most dilatory measures. I shall not relate word for word all that came to my ears, lest haply I should commit an error of memory. I shall only add, that a decree was under discussion, and that it was to be drawn up. It was quite evident that Flocon was dead beat from exertion; and he soon fell sick, and lost that warm enthusiasm which animated him during the first days of the Revolution. He has repeatedly told me since, that they took a pleasure in working him to death; and this is much to be regretted for he might have been of essential service to the cause of the revolution. His opinions will doubtless again carry him fresh into the lists, but with the conviction that revolution is only possible with its originators, and that a man can only get on with his own fellows. Let him mark well that this advice is dictated by my head and by my heart. Whilst I was looking on at this decree-making, Albert joined me at the window, and said: "Matters don't go on well, here; I look as if I was one too many. I feel greatly inclined to tender my resignation."—"Do nothing of the sort," I replied, "unless it is necessary to recommence the struggle. The people must have in this Government representatives selected from their own body;

any reactionary measures. The people have paid with their blood for the right of having their own delegates here; they are victorious, your power is consequently great; speak in the name of the people, and you will be listened to." It was not from a sense of his own inferiority that Albert wished to retire, but he was hurt by the airs of superiority which some of his colleagues assumed towards him, who undervalued the intelligence and practical common sense of our friend. The love of talk ruled supreme there. . . . On leaving the Hôtel de Ville, I heard a pupil of the Polytechnic School observe to one of his comrades, pointing me out with his finger: "There goes the Prefect of Police."—"Hum!" said the other, "*quelle tournure!*" The fact is, my appearance was certainly singular enough. My clothes were bespattered and torn, and my face was flushed from many nights passed without sleep. My sabre is a large one, the blade as broad as a man's hand; I had a red sash round my waist, with a pistol stuck in it: add to which, a height of five feet ten inches, French measure, and my appearance may be easily concluded to have been decidedly eccentric. On my return to the Préfecture, I immediately ordered fresh linen to be brought me, and a change of clothes, that I might not compromise my magisterial dignity, the more so as I am of opinion that a man should always be as well dressed as possible."

A day or so afterwards came the question of the ministry of labor, and with it a violent discussion in the Hôtel de Ville. The citizen again describes graphically, and though he was not present, we believe veraciously.

"The people were not satisfied with a simple declaration of the rights of labor, but desired to see it put into practice immediately. The different trades, with banners bearing for a device, "*Egalité, abolition de l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme,*" (No living upon other men's labor,) presented themselves at the Hôtel de Ville. Their delegates, on being admitted, demanded the establishment of a ministry of labor, that is to say, a ministry of progress. The people were waiting below, with muskets in their hands, in a calm but determined attitude. The council entered upon the discussion at once. M. M. Garnier Pagès and Lamartine spoke with extreme violence against the claims of the workmen, and entrenched themselves behind a general reserve, seeking to blink the great question at issue. They maintained that the Provisional Government should carefully avoid solving any question whatsoever; that it had neither the right, the duty, nor the power to do anything; that

everything was to be referred to the decisions of the National Assembly, and that their functions ought to be restricted to the simple duties of a commissary of police. Louis Blanc, on the other hand, contended that it was their duty to reform the old system with the least possible delay, and to establish at once the political and social revolution; that the future Assembly would act when it had met, but that the authority with which they had been invested by the people conferred upon them the constituted power; that the Revolution was made by and for the working classes, and that their first step should be to proclaim the abolition of the proletariat, and to establish the most important ministry of the Republic—the Ministry of Labor. He moreover tendered his resignation if the wishes of the people were not complied with. M. Arago, turning towards his young colleague, addressed him as follows:—"Who has fulfilled the duties of a father towards you? I entreat you, in the name of my white hairs, to renounce this idea of the organization of labor. Do not separate yourself from the Provisional Government. Do you wish us all to have our throats cut?" The people all this time were awaiting below stairs the reply of their dictators. M. M. Garnier Pagès and Marrast had withdrawn to a corner of the room, where they concocted together a sort of evasive concession, which doubtless appeared to them of little consequence. "Instead of a ministry," said one of them, "let us establish a commission of inquiry, which will examine into the question, and appease the people. A ministry implies action—a special commission simply prepares materials for the future." The presidency of this commission—without power, without a budget, or any available means—was offered to Louis Blanc. He stoutly refused it, insisting that attention should be paid to the demands of the people. M. Arago repeated his prayer over again, and offered himself as vice president. M. Marrast offered a palace; Louis Blanc still refused; and the people below grew impatient, and made the but-ends of their muskets resound on the pavement. The other members interposed; and it was finally decided to establish a commission of workmen, to sit in the Palace of the Luxembourg, with Louis Blanc for president, and Albert the workman for vice-president."

Of the workshops that were the result there is also a curious notice, to which we append some illustrative anecdotes from a dinner at M. Crémieux's.

"Louis Blanc was always strenuously opposed to these workshops, which employed fifteen

thousand men at useless embankments: his opposition, however, has not prevented the responsibility of the national workshops being thrown, most unjustly, upon his shoulders. He was also accused of living sumptuously at the Palace of the Luxembourg, notwithstanding that his expenses were so small that M. Garnier Pagès thought fit to address some observations to him and Albert, on what he styled their parsimony. Neither of them spent, in truth, more than two francs and a half for their dinner. "It has the appearance of a reflection upon your colleagues," said M. Garnier Pagès, "and on the expenses they are obliged to incur." "It is very well for you and your colleagues, who receive bankers and millionaires as guests at your table," Louis Blanc is reported to have replied, "to entertain them handsomely; but I—constantly with workmen sitting opposite to me, who often stand in need of the common necessities of life,—I could not, without insulting their misery, make a display of a sumptuous table." A few days before the elections, I was invited to a dinner at M. Crémieux's, where I found M. M. Lamoricière, Bedeau, Etienne Arago, Louis Blanc, and Albert. I said to the last, that M. Grandmesnil had complained of the bad fare of the Luxembourg, asserting that the *employés* kept a far better table. "It is true," replied Albert, "we endeavor to live as simply as possible; we could not find it in our hearts to live sumptuously when the people are suffering." This incident reminds me of another. At this very same dinner at M. Crémieux's a great deal was said about the days of February. Etienne Arago addressed Lamoricière respecting the affair of the Palais Royal. The General avowed that he was then in the most critical position, and that if it had not been for the timely assistance of Etienne Arago he might have fared badly. A great deal was said about the chances of that day, and Lamoricière observed,—“Matters would not have taken the turn they did, if I had not met with so much hesitation at Court.” He then told how, on the 24th of February, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, he waited upon the King to receive his orders. His Majesty seemed much cast down, and referred him to the Duke of Nemours. The future regent, more undecided and more terrified than the King, refused to have recourse to any extraordinary measures. It was this want of instructions that paralyzed the zeal of the General. "All the zeal in the world would have been of no avail," returned Albert. "Everything was prepared for success. The secret societies would have stirred up the military population of Paris. After

the massacre on the Boulevard des Capucines, the insurgents were determined to conquer or die. The soldiers of Louis-Philippe, in case of a dearly bought victory, would have had to walk over corpses and ruins." I supported Albert's opinion. After what I myself had been a witness to, the issue could not have been doubtful. If the struggle had been prolonged for a few days more, it would only have tended to establish the enfranchisement of the people on a firmer basis."

Citizen Caussidière has now but a melancholy satisfaction in indulging the rapture with which these first days of the republic had inspired him. "Sad illusions!" as he remarks of them, "too soon destroyed."

"The *bourgeoisie* seemed inclined to make concessions to the *droit de la blouse*." Evil passions were on the decrease. Paris had a certain festive air about it; some of the theatres presented patriotic plays; the song of the *Marseillaise* repeated night after night at the Théâtre National, by the energetic talent of Mademoiselle Rachel, excited a holy enthusiasm. The people were invited as guests to behold the masterpieces of Corneille and of Voltaire. It may be said that never did the Théâtre National boast of a more attentive or better-conducted audience. It was the least that could be done to mitigate their sufferings by a few hours of honest and elevating amusement. The song of the *Girondins* blending with the *Chant des Montagnards*, was like the prophetic announcement of the fusion of all interests, of all shades of opinion, which in its action was to destroy, for long years to come, all feelings of hatred and enmity. Paris breathed freely. Trees of liberty were planted in every district. The *bourgeoisie*, the National Guard, and the workmen, figured in these processions. The clergy were always invited to attend, and speak words of peace and of conciliation. Bands of military music and choral singers added to the splendor of these popular ceremonies. It seemed as if the tree of liberty was never more to be sprinkled with blood. Sad illusions, too soon destroyed! The Préfecture of Police inaugurated one of the first trees of liberty. My speech to the enthusiastic multitude that crowded around me, if not spoken in set phrases and choice sentences, came directly from my heart. Like the priest of the Redeemer, I also preached fraternity, that I might assure them that the Préfecture, formerly a place of terror to the people, was henceforth the sanctuary of permanent justice, and could in future inspire fear only in those who should break the laws of the land. The most ardent indications of sympa-

thy, the deepest emotions and promises of fraternity, hailed my words. Those men of the barricades swore, with tears in their eyes, to contribute towards the police of conciliation I was endeavoring to establish, and they encouraged me in the fulfilment of the duties imposed upon me by my sense of duty and the public exigencies. A few days afterwards I was invited to attend with a detachment of Montagnards the planting of a tree of liberty in the court yard of the Opera House. The orchestra and choruses of this theatre were assembled, and performed various patriotic airs during the ceremony. The clergy had been invited to bestow their blessing upon the tree. A numerous and brilliant company, grouped in the windows of the surrounding houses, formed a rich frame to the scene in the court-yard. A portion of the enclosure was occupied by a detachment of National Guards and my Montagnards, who had made themselves a little less warlike in appearance than usual. Ledru Rollin, at that time Minister of the Interior, made a speech in praise of the arts, and on the necessity of their coöperating in the work of the Republic, a speech which was loudly applauded, and followed by the chorus of the Girondins. Desirous of addressing the assembly likewise, I did so, and commenced as follows: '*Après la Gironde, la Montagne*;' 'After the Gironde, the Mountain.'

It is but bare justice to the citizen prefect to add that the non-arrival of the Mountain was no fault of his. He did his best. It was himself, he tells us, who arranged the demonstration of a hundred thousand men on the 17th March; that "great but pacific step," which was to "annihilate the enemies of equality." But to say the truth of our excellent citizen prefect, though this measure was to be an ostensible adhesion to the acts of the provisional government, he had by this time, he frankly avows, no more hope of good from that quarter. After Lamartine's famous circular, despair seized upon his patriot heart. The revolution, not being propagandist, was lost. The peacemongers were the traitors. It was "we" who took the revolutionary initiative, exclaims the ardent magistrate! It was "our" task, therefore, to universalize democratic principles! "A million of armed citizens would have risen as one man to enfranchise all the nations!" What a chance we lost in this unlucky England of ours.

But imagine such a firebrand in charge of the crime of Paris. Imagine the circumstances and the men that placed him in such a charge, and found or supposed it necessary to keep him there. In vain they made feints to get rid of

him, and very naturally it became matter of vast enjoyment to citizen Caussidière to observe these abortive efforts to oust him and his guard,—"humble but faithful," like Sir Robert Peel's celebrated steed. Citizen Garnier Pagès went one day with citizen Recurt to serve a sort of ejection upon him, but the Montagnards soon frightened them off!

"Before leaving, Garnier Pagès, perceiving what effect his visit had made, and fearing lest the Montagnards should smell a rat, as regarded his democratic views, endeavored to reinstate himself in their good opinion, by one of those strange speeches which he alone has the happy art of making. 'My son,' he said to them, 'my own son is a grocer's boy in the Rue de la Verrerie! the son of your mayor a grocer's shop-boy!!! We are all of us workmen; my son is a workman in the grocery line!—' Here he stopped short; whether that he was too much overcome by emotion to continue his speech, or whether the smile visible on the countenances of his audience warned him that he was on the wrong tack, I do not know. He perceived, however, that it would be dangerous to dismiss me at that moment, and he joined Recurt in solicitations to me to remain in office. I consented."

There are some other good stories about Garnier Pagès—as at one of the early popular manifestations—

"Whilst these cries were uttered of 'Down with the Communists,' the cortège, as it passed, shouted 'Long life to the democratic Republic! long life to Louis Blanc! long life to Ledru Rollin!' M. Garnier Pagès, who has always had a most unhappy passion for popularity, slipped in between his two colleagues, who were thus cheered by the people, and passed his arm through that of Ledru Rollin. The latter attempted to shake him off.

"How, *mon bon*, will you not give me your arm?" said Garnier Pagès. 'If you gave me your hand oftener at the council table,' replied Ledru Rollin, 'you would have a better claim to my arm in public.'

At last came the eve of the ever memorable fifteenth of May, which we shall leave the citizen to describe in his own amusing way. It is to be observed throughout the book, that whenever he has organized any mischief that only waits explosion, he becomes very unwell, betakes himself to bed, and suffers from evil presentiments.

"Soubrier, still fancying himself in danger of

an attack from the reactionists, armed all the men employed on his journal, who, with himself, adopted a blouse and a red sash, like the Montagnards. His journal, 'La Commune,' denounced all the intrigues of the royalists; and the name of Sobrier was always to be found at the bottom of leaders too piquant for many palates. He became the object of complaint of all the fearful; and afterwards they took ample revenge for the alarm he caused them. On the eve of the 15th of May, he came to see me. I was in bed, very unwell, and suffering moreover from evil presentiments. Monier and Bohe, both secretaries at the Préfecture, were at my bedside. Sobrier reproached me with not having seen that it was the object of the reactionists to disarm us. After exchanging a few words, he told me that he purposed being present at the demonstration of the morrow; that all would pass over quietly, and that he and his followers were most peaceably inclined; the object of the demonstration being simply to prove to the Assembly that the people desired an intervention in favor of Poland. I explained to him, as also to others who called upon me in the course of the evening, the immense responsibility that would fall upon the leaders of the demonstration if any unforeseen disturbances should give it a different character. He left me, reiterating promises of the most assuring nature. On the morrow, he was one of those who entered the hall, and was seen quite close to the President. Had he altered his mind? or was he carried along by the popular excitement? It is not for me to say."

So when the days of June came. He knew nothing of what had been agitating Paris for a number of days till he heard of it at the National Assembly. He had withdrawn to a friend's house quite away from the scene of action, and had been busying himself, in the most innocent way imaginable, with getting well as fast as he could, and with the study of some questions he was going to bring forward,—when the disturbance fell quite like a thunderbolt on this amazed ex-prefect!

"It was in the hall of the Assembly that I was informed, that the temper of the public mind, which had agitated Paris for some days past, had taken the shape of an outbreak, for I no longer lived in the centre of the city, but had withdrawn to the house of a friend near the *Barrière de l'Etoile*, to accelerate my convalescence, and to devote myself to the study of certain questions which I had proposed bringing forward."

Notwithstanding, when the time of inquiry

had come and passed, and its results were stated to the National Assembly, marvellously was it declared that the ex-prefect had positively implicated himself, and must be put on his defence! A sorry exhibition he made thereupon, but which he thus characteristically accounts for.

"The continuous state of excitement in which I had been living for the last week, with twelve hours of a fatiguing debate, had superinduced a complete moral prostration within me. Anger and disgust succeeded each other rapidly in my mind. I had often mentally gone through all the accusations brought against me, and yet when I was in the tribune my memory failed me; an invincible drowsiness came over me, and I felt the utmost indifference to everything around. A prey to a kind of temporary hallucination, I thought I beheld in that Assembly a tribunal of the Inquisition. The semi-obscurity which pervaded the hall, a heavy atmosphere, and faces pale from fatigue, increased the deception. I mechanically commenced reading the enormous bundle of papers I had in my hand, which certainly deserved a better reader. I could scarcely see the writing, and I endeavored to shake off the sort of stupor that was stealing over me. At this moment, when my memory is clear, I remember that on this occasion I was drawing through my narrative as a priest would his breviary. I kept apostrophizing myself all the time, as follows: "Thy family and thy friends are in a state of anxiety; throw away those papers, and speak out like a man:—a bold, unpremeditated speech will have a better effect than this drawing narrative." In fact, once or twice I stopped reading, and by a few energetic words gained for a moment the attention of the Assembly; but I soon fell back into the torpor that enthralled me, and resumed the interminable manuscript. I suffered terribly that night. When I think of the success some of my speeches have obtained under certain circumstances, I ask myself how it happened, that with so much to say, I did not, according to my own estimation, act up to the exigencies of the case. Opium and fatigue had paralyzed my powers."

Perhaps we have quoted enough: but a few anecdotes of the mysteries of the prefecture will probably amuse the reader.

SECRET AGENTS.

"A secret agent had instructions to arrest an individual, who was said to be very dexterous, and difficult to catch. The agent managed however to get hold of him, and got

him into a cab. As he searched his pockets in vain for a piece of coin to pay the coachman beforehand, the prisoner offered his purse, saying that he would put it down in his bill of expenses. "What do you mean?" asked the astonished agent. "It's simple enough," replied the other; "like yourself I am an agent, and my outlays are made good to me at the end of every month." An explanation took place before the proper quarters, and the warrant was annulled: the two spies, astounded at having mutually arrested each other, went and had a breakfast together at the expense of the state.

A SPY.

Charles Marchal, arrested after the events of the 15th of May, was brought before M. Crémieux, and set at liberty on his denial that he acted as a spy. He was always to be found in the *Salle des Pas Perdus*, and entered familiarly into every conversation. One day he came up to me, desirous to enter into conversation. "You are Charles Marchal?" I said. "I am," he replied. "You are number 580. Be off then as soon as possible." I warned M. La Rochejaquelein, two or three days afterwards, to be on his guard against the officiousness of this amiable citizen, who endeavored to pump and then to betray him. Under Louis Philippe, Charles Marchal tendered his services to M. Delessert, then Prefect of Police. He offered to assassinate the Duke of Bordeaux for a million of francs. "I am a man," he writes, "of good education and engaging manners; I shall live in grand style — on an aristocratic scale — and shall get introduced to him. I shall by degrees become intimate with him. Opportunity and my own courage will do the rest." On the margin of this letter I read the following note in the handwriting of M. Delessert:—"If this villain repeats his demand, have him arrested immediately." My reason for making this revelation is, that Charles Marchal had the impudence to solicit the post of secretary at the Préfecture, and to demand a pension from the National Assembly on the plea of having been imprisoned for political offences, and for having rendered services to the cause of the republic.

It is true that he was sentenced to imprisonment for publishing a pamphlet against Louis-Philippe, but his trial proved that he was in the pay of the Court. This attack against his royal protector originated in a refusal to give him a sum of money he had demanded.

A WARNING NEGLECTED.

In 1835, at the time of Fieschi's attempt, a letter of very solid appearance was thrown aside by the Prefect as not worth reading.

That letter was written by Boireau, one of Fieschi's accomplices, and pointed out the individuals, the means that were to be employed, and the very house in which the infernal machine was placed. The letter was received on the eve of the design. It is evident, that if that letter had been read, measures would have been taken to prevent the attempt. This letter was found long afterwards, after Boireau had made his confession in prison, and it saved his life, Louis-Philippe having granted him a pardon.

Of course we have plenty of detail in the book about Dela Hodde, and his affairs; about the citizen prefect's share in the *Risquons Tout*, his determined attitude with his guards in May, and his parting from his brave Montagnards (who were all engaged in June); about his love for Sobrier, Barbes, and other worthies of that class; about his services to his country in the maintenance of "external order with internal disorder," as he whimsically phrases it; and about the exalted hopes which he still entertains of a republic as red as a republic ought to be. We need not longer detain the reader,

The book is curious as a specimen of the sort of people that will always, in more or less numbers, rise to the surface in every great revolution, and be visible there for some brief space. Only M. Caussidière seems a more than ordinarily vulgar and coarse pretender (though with all his love of equality he boasts of having been "held at the baptismal font by the Archduke John Ferdinand of Austria and the Empress Beatrice"), and it is astounding to think that Lamartine could have countenanced such an instrument, and even continued to show him favor when his drifts and schemes had been openly exposed.—*Examiner*.

POMPEY'S PILLAR. — This is a graceful column of the Corinthian order, standing in an isolated position on an eminence, and itself (including the pedestal and capital) nearly 100 feet in height. The shaft is of red granite, hard as iron: the pedestal, if I remember rightly, of sandstone. Whether the column ever belonged to any building, or what was its original purpose, appears doubtful: Sir Gardner Wilkinson believes that it supported a statue, and this is perhaps the most probable hypothesis, as its dimensions are much larger than those ordinarily found in Greek buildings. "Pompey's Pillar" is a misnomer, for Wilkinson, who was born to unravel Egyptian riddles, has succeeded in deciphering the Greek inscription at its base, by which it appears that it was reared by Publius, prefect of Egypt, in honor of Diocletian.

FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.

Forty Days in the Desert. By the author of "Walks about Jerusalem."

The author of this interesting volume is already favorably known to the public, both through his pencil and pen. "Walks about Jerusalem" is a popular book; with a subject that has been so often ably handled, that it now is difficult to render popular. There is no part of the world of which fuller and more better accounts have been published than of Palestine. It has therefore become dangerous ground, but the work to which we refer has achieved popularity. The author is an enthusiast. Every man who expects to write a good book on Eastern affairs must be an enthusiast. A dull though an able statistician would make nothing of Damascus. He would break down utterly in Petra—would find Beyrout even yet the most interesting port on his journey—would hasten to Smyrna to inquire after figs—to Constantinople to learn the state of the Sultan's finances—or to Alexandria for a note of the Pasha's last shipment of cotton. The Mediterranean is this author's favorite sea, the Nile his pet river. Of the former he says:—

"What a halo seems to hang over the shores of the Mediterranean! such as invests no other place on earth. The empires, whose revolutions fill the stirring page of history, from its dawning light down to modern times, are all around; some, as Tyre and Carthage, having indeed utterly perished; but others, like Egypt, leaving behind a glorious legacy of monumental records. Where can we wander in this beautiful sea, without being reminded of the great and the good of past ages? Our footsteps are ever in the tract of sages and poets, of prophets and apostles, or of Him who is greater than all."

The details of preparation for a journey from Cairo through the wilderness, or anywhere else, are now so well known that we pass them by, as does the author, quietly. We should remark that the volume abounds with beautiful illustrations, of which the first is Cairo. The party started on the 1st October, not of the last October, but, we presume, the one immediately preceding it. Their route was that of the overland mail to Suez, and, therefore, as far as that town, though in, they seemed not to be of, the desert; for, in some respects, Egypt has again become a highway of the nations.

On the second day of the journey the author writes what would seem absurd, if we forget that he was an experienced traveller, who had been ere then in the desert:—

"What most surprised me was the elasticity of spirits I generally experienced in the wilderness. The dry pure air probably had much to do with this. Sometimes the sense of free movement over the boundless expanse was indescribably and wildly ecstatic; in general the incidents of our little caravan seemed sufficient stimulus, and a universal cheerfulness prevailed among us in those hours of dawn."

When the sun was up, they felt the miseries of thirst in the desert, and the water was always bad. The evidence of this witness regarding the wilderness corresponds exactly with that of previous travellers. He says:

"There is a terrible and triumphal power of the sun upon this wide region of sterility and death, like that of a despot over a realm blighted by his destructive sway; no trace of verdure is there but the stunted shrubs, which struggle at wide intervals about the sandy bed of some dried watercourse; no sign of living thing but the burrow of the rat, the slimy trail of the serpent, or the carcase of the camel who makes his grave as well as his home in the wilderness, met with in every stage of decay, from the moment when the vultures have but just fleshed their beaks in his fallen corpse, till, stripped of every integument, the wind whistles through the ghastly framework of his naked ribs, and his bones falling asunder and bleached by heat and wind, serve to mark the appointed track upon which his strength was spent."

Egypt is still under the curse of vermin.—Miss Martineau complained sadly of their annoyance. Messrs. Irby and Mangles were hunted by them wherever they turned. This author folded his own sheets, spread his carpet, kept the Arabs at a distance, and enjoyed an entire exemption from all the plagues.

The party reached Suez at the same time with the steamer which brought the Overland Mail from Bombay. The arrival offered the traveller an opportunity of gathering up his own stray thoughts of home. He had been struck with the respect paid to the name of his country in the desert, and in the sickly travellers by the caravan he saw part of the prize. It was

only a small portion of the value that the Bombay steamer could bring if it had been a floating hospital, freighted only with the sick.

He mentions one sad case—but cases of that nature are of daily occurrence. The sacrifices that England asks her children to make are often very keen. The officer dying on the passage home was only one of many who have ruined health without obtaining fortune in the service of their country :—

“It was after my return from the desert, myself broken in health, when standing on the deck of the small steamer which plies from Cairo to Alexandria, that an old medical friend, residing in the former place, came on board with a patient, a young officer, to whom he begged me to render any attentions in my power. ‘He may die,’ observed he, ‘at any moment;’ and when I saw him borne down stairs, I much questioned whether he would reach Alexandria alive. I found that he had been some years in India, though young, and had already returned home once for the benefit of his health; but scarcely had he again set foot on the fatal shore of Hindostan ere he was warned to return instantly if he would save his life. He had been but four months absent from England, when thus, with death in his looks, and unable to move without the assistance of two men, he was fighting his way back again. He had left Bombay without a servant; on his arrival at Suez was unable to proceed, lingering for a fortnight in its wretched hotel; then, with a desperate effort, he got across to Cairo, where he had been under the care of my friend for another fourteen days. He had been getting all this while gradually worse, but his spirit was unbroken—the desert, he said, was behind him, and every day would bring him nearer to his mother, who was anxiously expecting him; ‘and then,’ he said, kindly pressing my hand, ‘you must come and see me.’—But that meeting will never happen on this side of the grave. Little know the sons of the desert, who look with awe upon the power of England, of the sacrifices by which it is purchased.”

The ruling passion was strong to the last. The young officer’s “You must come and see me” was an evidence of the strength of hope in his mind. The tourist’s description of the homeward mail and its passengers is not calculated to allure people to India. Such statements make one regret less the monopoly of the East India Company, which is still sufficiently powerful to throw a blight over the prospects of those Europeans who would attempt to settle in India without the influence of

their shadow; but until India be colonized to some extent, and especially in those districts that may be regarded as the backbone of that vast country, and which are not deleterious to Europeans, its affairs cannot be well administered, and its value cannot be fully understood. The Overland Mail is not, we suspect, an advantageous discovery for invalids. The voyage from Bombay to Suez is long, but the vessel is generally crowded. Across the desert must be bad. Cairo, to the sick, can only be an intolerable bore. The Nile will have few charms for them. They would not give one glimpse of the cliffs of Dover for all the Pyramids. The reëmbarkation at Alexandria again in a crowded steamer is another welcome annoyance; but still, to the sick, it is annoying. There is a great change in all these matters from the quiet ship and the sea-breeze of the old but long passage round the Cape.

“We halted a moment to give our camels a little brackish water at the well of Suez; and, as we proceeded towards the town, encountered a file of those old-fashioned carriers, laden as described, who may find, some of these days, their occupation gone, by the construction of a railroad, or the revival, at least, of the canal of the old Egyptian kings. Next issued forth several of the light vans in which the passengers are conveyed to Cairo, their Arab drivers furiously cracking their whips, and urging along the slight but sinewy horses at top speed over the gravel. From beneath the awnings which shaded these carriages peeped forth faces, from which, for the most part, all trace of the rose of England had for ever vanished; pale women with sickly children, tended by dusky Indian ayahs, bronzed and sinewy-looking men, too, negligent in costume and indifferent in look, but with all that calm *hauteur* which cleaves to the masters of the world, some of whom indeed, appeared to be seasoned to the climate; while others, stricken by its fatal influence, seemed hurrying home but to die, or drag out the remainder of a life robbed of that elasticity of nerves and spirits which alone can render it desirable—with whom to reach once more the chalk cliffs of England, and to breathe again the air of her green fields, is the one absorbing feeling.”

The meeting with the Overland Mail was only an incident in the desert, to the tourist who went out there not to meet the living, but to seek and study the memorials of the dead. In returning, a month afterwards, to Cairo, he met another overland mail—one of a far more melancholy character—the caravan of pilgrims from Cairo to Mecca, across the desert. The

one line of communication is increasing daily. The other is yearly falling away. The time will come when a daily overland mail will pass over the desert's neck from Cairo to Suez, and from Suez to Cairo. It is equally probable that by that time the mail from Cairo to Mecca will have been abandoned—the zeal of the Moslem for their own faith is yearly setting more into a mere traditional formality, without effecting any change in their mind favorable to a better system.

In the neighborhood of Suez the traveller endeavored to trace the progress of another, a long past, and a far greater caravan, that crossed the desert from Egypt. A considerable portion of this part of the work is occupied with elaborate, and to us interesting, statements regarding the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. The map of the country, and the plan of the supposed route, will be highly useful to the student of Biblical literature.—For a number of days the traveller, with his small party of Bedouins, traced the presumed route of the Israelites after the Red Sea had been opened to afford them a passage, and its receding waters had closed upon their foes.—Their route, from the statement in the Old Testament, was generally recognized by him without much difficulty. Their passage was a great event, for it impressed names on places and wells in the desert that have never since been changed. As the party approached Sinai and the Serbel, the country which had been over all the route necessarily solemn from its very loneliness, became wilder and sterner in its features.

“We had now entered the point of transition from the sandstone to the granite region.—There was a stern oppressive grandeur in the long, narrow, winding valleys, with their dark and awful walls towering abrupt on either hand, without a sound or sign of living thing; no vegetation relieved the sandy depths of the defile, except the solitary acacia trees, which, though rugged and fenced with long sharp spines, by which my feet and hands have often been torn, I learned to love, for its delicate white blossoms, and still more for their exquisitely fragrant scent, which I think unsurpassed by that of any other flower, and which, especially in the desert, is worth a whole *parterre*.”

The most singular antiquities in the desert are the Egyptian hieroglyphics on the rocks at the Wady Maghara, and the Sinaitic inscriptions which are scattered over many rocks in that quarter of the desert. The former are in a state of good preservation, and represent

victories gained by an early Egyptian monarch, probably over some of the desert tribes, whom he had chastised and pursued to this rocky defile. Of them, at page 46, the author says:—

“Is it not almost too marvellous for belief that these tablets existed before the exodus of the Israelites, when Moses, with all his host, actually passed, beyond question, down the valley Mokatteb, or a short distance below, on his way towards Wady Feiran and Sinai? They must be regarded, I presume, as among the most ancient sculptures in the world: and yet it is evident that when they were executed the arts were by no means in their infancy, but that centuries, at least, had elapsed since their unknown and remote origin.”

Immediately beyond Wady Maghara the greatest collection of Sinaitic writings on the rocks occurs. They are said to be so numerous that they must have been the work of a great body of men. They are generally ascribed to the Hebrews, who are supposed to have adopted the method of recording their passage by the rocks, and the supposition is rather confirmed by their bad execution. The Hebrews were probably less advanced in arts and learning than their Egyptian taskmasters. The drawings both of the undoubted Egyptian hieroglyphics and of the Sinaitic writings which accompany the text, convey a very clear idea of their appearance. Concerning the probability of the Sinaitic writings being of Hebrew origin, we quote the following passage from the work:—

“I have already alluded to the obscurity that still appears to hang over the origin of these inscriptions. They were first, as Robinson informs us, mentioned about A.D. 535, by Cosmar, who supposed them to be the work of the ancient Hebrews; and even states that certain Jews, who had read them, had explained them to him as noting the ‘journey of such an one, out of such a tribe, on such a year and month;’ just as even now, on the road to Mecca, similar inscriptions are to be seen, the work of Moslem pilgrims. This view was also taken by Clayton, Bishop of Clogher, in 1753; but without any one being, as yet, able to decipher the writings. It is but quite lately that Professor Beer, of Leipsic, after laborious study, has been able to do this. He pronounces them to be of Christian origin—probably the work of pilgrims to Mount Sinai. Christian monograms and crosses, as well as Greek inscriptions demonstrably older, as Dr. Lepsius affirms, tend to prove this. The peculiar character itself approximates most nearly to the Cufic,

and is supposed by Beer to have appertained to the language formerly spoken by the Nabatheans of Petra, and other parts of the peninsula, (afterwards superseded by the Arabic,) and of which these inscriptions are almost the only existing traces. Dr. Lepsius agrees with Professor Beer as to the nature of the inscriptions, but regards them as the work of a *Christian pastoral people*, and not of mere passing pilgrims; an opinion strongly borne out by their number, their often elaborate though rude character, and the remote spots in which they are sometimes met with. It is somewhat singular that there should be so many of them at this particular place; and some could only have been executed by means of a ladder, or, at least, by clambering up the face of the rocks. They occur here continually, though at intervals, all the way to Wady Feiran, and up to the very top of Jerbal; there are also several on the upper road to Sinai, which, doubtless, also originally led to Feiran; but there is scarcely an instance about Mount Sinai itself, and none whatever upon that mountain; nor, with a single exception, at Petra, have any been as yet met with anywhere else in the peninsula—which is, to say the least, most singular.

"The opinion of the Germans is now pretty generally embraced; yet some recur to the old theory, that the inscriptions are in reality the work of the Israelites during their sojourn in the wilderness. The Rev. Mr. Forster, well known as the author of a work on the 'Arabians,' is, it is said, now engaged in an elaborate essay on the subject of this and other obscure inscriptions throughout the world. He is said to have translated more than a hundred of the inscriptions—records of various incidents in the *Exodus*. The one in this character, in the quarries of Zourd, near Cairo, whence the Pyramids were built, alluded to by Robinson, but of which Lepsius seems to doubt the existence, is said to be a complaint of the Israelites during their cruel toils in Egypt. Wonderful indeed, if true!"

Presuming that this information regarding the work of Professor Forster is correct, the publication of his essay would be a most valuable contribution to the world's literature; and might tend to confirm and settle more than one disputed point. It would certainly be a most remarkable fact, if, after the lapse of three thousand years, rude inscriptions, graven on a rock, as with a pen of iron, were to aid in resolving difficult questions. We think nothing more natural than that, if the Hebrews had the means and the art of inscribing on the rocks, they would in passing through the wilderness

write on these permanent tablets a short account of those events in which they were engaged and interested.

We should desire nothing more respecting this work than space to follow the author through all the scenes in the wilderness, during his journey towards Idumea—his seat upon the summit of Mount Sermel, and his resting in the convent of Sinai; but our space will not permit these indulgences; and, skipping the desert, we must take up the wanderer on the top of Mount Hor, where he has been sketching the mountain cliffs of Edom:—

"Standing on this lone, lofty pinnacle, it is impossible not to figure to ourselves the important Biblical events connected with it. Edom stood secure, though trembling, in her mountain fastnesses; the Promised Land was yet occupied by its original inhabitants, linked by a common danger to resist the invasion of the wanderers from Egypt, and to drive them back into the inhospitable desert; the Israelites had assembled at Kadesh, and, with their courage quailed by the discouraging reports of the spies, had been doomed to expiate their want of faith, and to wander forty years through the wilderness. These forty years had now done their work—that generation had passed away—and their descendants, children of the desert, assemble at the base of the mount, and fill the broad plain with their tents; their passage through these mountain defiles is refused by the Edomites, and again we see them, in idea, departing southward, down the Arabah to the Red Sea, to turn the region that they might not penetrate. But a short time before, the great lawgiver had buried at Kadish, his sister Miriam, whose triumphant song had commemorated their first deliverance; and now, Aaron, too, was called to his rest—the prophet brothers ascend the lonely mount, and on its summit take the long and last farewell. Aaron is buried, and the aged Moses descends alone, and desolate in heart, to the tents of the mourning Israelites. So strongly marked are the features of this region, and so preserved by their sublime unchanging barrenness, that when we behold at once the defiles of Edom, the frontier hills of Palestine, the Arabah, and, far outstretched to the westward, the great sepulchral wilderness, the lapse of ages is forgotten, and these touching and solemn events rise up before the mind with an almost startling reality."

The solemn scene of the parting of Aaron from Moses commanded a full view of the ragged, torn cliffs that crown the Edomite's land; and over them the mountains of Judea. The Israelites sought permission from their brethren

to pass through the region of rocks, where then every fissure, and nook, and field was skilfully cultivated, and the land was fertile. The Edomites were a powerful nation, a commercial people, whose merchants were princes in the earth, and they refused to give the solicited permission, probably from political reasons. The Edomites were merchants, dealing with the Canaanites, and they would be averse to irritate either profitable customers or powerful neighbors by opening their roads to their foes, and supplying them with provisions even for money. We do not know their circumstances; but, at the present day, no European power would permit the march of armies through its dominions to attack a peaceable neighbor. The Idumeans may even have had alliances offensive and defensive with the Canaanites. Their merchants may have had large sums due to them in Canaan, and the policy of the State would be to support the party by whose downfall its subjects would suffer. We see many reasons, therefore, for the course adopted by the Idumeans, without ascribing it to hereditary malice and revenge against the Israelites for the deceit practised by the progenitor of the latter on his father, and against his brother Esau, the ancestor of the Idumeans. It is not even likely that the story was much known amongst the Idumeans, or that they had till then retained so much of the faith of the patriarchs as to consider their own position in the world at all affected by that circumstance. We may even doubt whether they recognized the Israelites as relatives. They knew the Egyptians as very respectable men, whose orders were to be executed, and whose bills passed in the world as current coin; but they were not bound to know the Egyptians' slaves. The refusal of permission to pass through Edom was very likely, therefore, to arise entirely from motives of State policy.

We can know no more of the reasons that induced the Edomites to oppose the Israelites than of the internal state of Petra, the number of its inhabitants, the position of its commerce, the nature of its government, or any of those other secrets connected with this most mysterious city.

From Mount Hor the traveller saw El Deir, and hastened on to Petra. He thus describes his first view of the ruins:—

"From a solitary group of tombs, the outskirts of its vast necropolis, I obtained my first view of the rock-bound city. A broken-down camel, one of a passing caravan, protesting against an insupportable load, which, at the expense of his last remaining strength, he had dragged up the long ascent, was a characteristic object in the foreground. This narrow pass

was probably guarded in the palmy days of Petra, and blocked up when an attack was expected. Hence begins a long descent by the side of a ravine, leading to the vacant side of the old city, of which one solitary column appears like the ghost of its past splendor, girdled round by rocks of the most rugged and fantastic outline, and pierced with innumerable excavations, their coloring, as it were, run mad with a blending of all hues. No idea can be given of the first impression of such a place—its strangeness and remoteness—the utter desolation—the silence, broken only by the deep groans of the distressed, o'erburdened camels, and the fierce yells of their savage conductors. My plan had perfectly succeeded, the sheik and his retainers had not appeared; there was nothing to mar the glorious satisfaction of wandering alone and uninterrupted about this unparalleled place; my old cicerone, as I merely named the principal objects of interest, conducted me to them in silence, and I spent some hours in exploring the lower parts of the city."

The character of Petra, a city built not on, but into, the rock, renders everything regarding its citizens strange and mysterious. By what inducement, with half the world unoccupied before them, were they led originally to select this region of cliffs and precipices for a home? How came they so often to excavate houses out of the rock instead of building upon it, seeing they were thoroughly acquainted with all kinds of building? By what means have they ultimately been so completely extirpated from the earth and their memory lost, except in the ruins that attest their former splendor and power? They seem to have selected the most difficult places for their abodes. What had they to fear? Were they originally bent on plundering from their neighbors, and wanted a stronghold? Had Jacob heard in Laban's land that Esau had collected around him a band of freebooters, as David afterwards congregated? Was that one reason for his trembling walk on the way to meet his brother, and for the rich gifts that he sent before him to appease Esau's avarice or wrath? We can guess only at these matters, and see no reason for adopting the latter opinion. We should rather presume that the Dukes of Edom wanted peace to prosecute their enterprises; for they evidently went soon far before the neighboring nations in the arts of peace. Petra bears testimony yet that in its palmy days, when multitudes crowded its ravines, or climbed the long steep stairs cut in the rock to El Deir, its municipal authorities had attended to sanitary regulations, and the remains of their water-pipes are still visible. The fragments of

buildings, and the arch still standing across the great ravine, are monuments of their familiarity with mechanical science. The sculptured vaults cut out in multitudes in the rock bear witness to the wealth of many private parties. We take out some passages, not as they run in the original, but merely with a view to show the features in the scenery of this strange city:—

“The upper part of the approach along the course of the stream, which I did not see, is bordered by tombs, some of very singular character. The valley is rather open, but soon the brook descends among huge blocks of stone, overgrown with wild oleanders, almost blocking up the passage, into the deep ravine, which, piercing through the chain of rocks, forms the only entrance to the city on this side. But a few paces beyond its entry, a ruined yet bold arch, springing from rock to rock, creates astonishment that it can maintain its position.—The sides are adorned with niches and pilasters. This arch was perhaps erected to commemorate some victory, or may have served merely an ornamental purpose.

“The sandstone formations which hem in the ravine at this arch, are of no great height, probably about 100 feet; but at every step they rise higher and higher, while the broken path beneath descends rapidly among fragments and wild plants, which hardly leave a roadway, and when unencumbered, could never have admitted more than two or three camels abreast. It is impossible to convey an idea of the feeling with which we penetrate further into the heart of this extraordinary defile: the cliffs become more jagged and awful nearly meeting overhead, and the windings of chasm seem to close up at every turn of the almost subterranean passage. Looking up from this deep abyss are seen, through occasional openings, the higher precipices of the gorge; their peaks ragged and fantastic, tinted with the most fanciful variety of coloring in pink, yellow, and blue veins, and hung with wild oleander, tamarisk, and climbing plants, are glittering several hundreds of feet above us, in the brilliant sunlight.”

“Awful as is this gorge, it is yet still more romantically beautiful—the forms of the precipices varying at every turn, the wonderful contrasts of the coloring, the variety of the overhanging foliage of the wild fig, the crimson-flowered oleander, and the trailing bright green plants, with the play of light and shade among the rocks, form such a striking succession of pictures that the wanderer lingers delighted among the thousand charms which nature unfolds in this singular recess, and almost

projects, as he forces his difficult way among fallen rocks, and tangled shrubs and flowers, that he is traversing the principal highway into what was heretofore one of the richest commercial cities in the East.

“On close examination, however, this passage, though now half choked up, shows vestiges of the care with which it was kept open in the prosperous times of Petra. The traces of the square stones with which it was once paved, are met with, as well as of the channel by which the water of the brook was carried down into the city, instead of being suffered to pour in full volume, as at present, down the bed of the ravine; this channel, crossing the passage from left to right, is continued by earthen pipes, bedded in mortar, in a groove made in the rocks. Robinson suggests that the great body of the water was, perhaps, anciently carried off in some different way. Only a portion, not sufficient to injure the pavement, could, at any rate, have taken its course down the natural channel, into the city below. There occur, besides, niches and tablets here and there.”

There are doubts in the minds of many persons whether these excavations in the rocks are all to be considered tombs. The form and size should decide whether they were intended for the homes of the dead or of the living. Excavated houses were not uncommon in antiquity. There are still homes excavated in the face of rocks in this country. The ancient *Piets* dwelt to some extent under ground. They burrowed, like rabbits, and their villages resembled an extensive warren. The existence, therefore, of excavated houses in Petra is not in any way astonishing. Others have fallen into the error of supposing that, with the exception of public buildings, the *Petraists* had no houses except excavations. We take the following extract from this volume, which gives in a few words a different and a very interesting view of the matter:—

“The site of the city itself was along this brook; and the principal remaining edifices, viz., the Arch of Triumph and Kasr Pharoön, appear on the left hand, near its point of disappearance. The irregular ground rising north and south was also, as is evident both from the site and the scattered heaps of stones and foundations (many of which appear in the drawings), covered, wherever practicable, with the buildings of the ancient city. The immense mass of the rock hemming in this area on the right, or north side, rises abrupt, rugged, and wild—built up, as it were, in vast

irregular buttresses, the bases of which are hewn into a variety of sepulchres. The left is pierced by different ravines, by one of which ascent is made to El Deir (not visible); and this range, like the opposite, is hewn into countless sepulchres, a region of death looking down upon what was once a vast and crowded hive of noisy life far below. So that on all sides, if we are right in supposing that all these excavations are, as they appear to be, sepulchres, the inhabitants of this unparalleled city beheld the habitations of their dead rising round like a curtain. In the forum—in the streets—from the roof of the private dwelling—in the theatre—in highways and byways—up to the topmost crags of their rocky rampart—there were still sepulchres—nothing but sepulchres—even for miles out of the city! The habitations of the dead must have outnumbered those of the living, even as they excelled them in costliness and beauty! Yet doubts may well be entertained whether some of these rock excavations were not really the *dwelling*s of the inhabitants. The mountain of Dibdiba, part of the central chain of Edom, towards which there is an ascent among the left-hand range of rocks, is seen closing up the view in the background; and in this direction is the monument with Sinaitic characters, mentioned by Irby and Mangles, which I did not see, but which, if deciphered, may possibly throw light on many interesting questions connected with the former inhabitants of Idumea."

There is a melancholy interest in the author's account of his lodgings at Petra; wrought into the extract we subjoin:—

"The close of one of the most exciting days of my life was now hastening on: I descended from El Deir, and reached the area of the city as the evening sun was burnishing with a golden glow the entire range of cliffs and tombs, and directed my steps towards that in which I was to find a home for the night. It was indeed a very comfortable abode; the funeral chamber was large enough for the reception of a goodly company, and had evidently been used by former travellers; the roof was blackened with smoke, and we had apprehensions of vermin, from the dirt which each former occupant had helped to accumulate; but, happily, these fears proved unfounded. Komeh built up an excellent kitchen near the ruinous door; and the adjacent splendid sepulchre, hewn for no less than royalty, served as a slaughter-house, in which a lamb, purchased from the Wady-Musa Arabs, re-

ceived its quietus from the rude yataghan of one of the Bedouins. Such festive preparations in these chambers of death might well seem a mockery of human pride. Little could the merchant-prince who hollowed out for himself this vast mausoleum anticipate how, after that commerce which had so enriched him should have utterly passed away, a stranger from a far greater emporium, a wanderer from the capital of a land perhaps wholly unknown to him, or only vaguely heard of as beyond the bounds of the whole earth, should thus appropriate to the commonest purposes of everyday life the chamber designed to preserve inviolate to the end of time his last mouldering remains."

We have often supposed that Petra had perished from history; because, while its inhabitants were conversant, at a very early age in the history of the world, with commerce, with mechanics, with sculpture and the fine arts, with agriculture, and with all the means of weaving luxury and refinement into the web of life, yet they wanted a literature. Athens and Rome are imperishable themselves, and they have forever embalmed other cities and states in their literature. The world is not likely to let perish the brilliant productions of genius that they have left, while men endure; and thus the household habits, even of these cities, are familiar to us—the agitations of their factions are movements in which we seem to have taken part, so deeply are the statements stamped into memory. But Petra had no literature—no conservators of her greatness—no poet to sing, like Homer, the deeds of her nobles, or even the fictions ascribed to them—and no historian to narrate, even with a glow of patriotic prejudice, the history of the State.

This author, and others, on the contrary, ascribe to an Idumean—a descendant of Esau—an Edomite, one of the dwellers in these rocks of Petra, a judge even or chief magistrate amongst the people, the oldest literary work perhaps in existence, the book of Job. The inquiry is too extensive for our present space, but we quote the beautiful passage from "Forty Days" in which this supposition is stated:—

"Unlike Jerusalem, whose many revolutions fill the page of history with their burthen of glory and guilt, and whose final destiny is yet a subject of mysterious interest, with Petra are connected neither great events nor deathless names; her associations, like those of Tyre and Palmyra, are principally commercial, and like them, too, never again is she destined to arise from ruin. But were the book of Job,

as some contend, a production of Edomite origin, depicting the civilization of that land at a period when Jerusalem was not yet founded, what a halo would not this cast over desolate Idumea and her perished capital, a monument of her past genius and greatness, nobler than the proudest of her rock-hewn temples, and lasting as the eternal hills themselves! And whatever may be the conflicting opinions of the commentators—assigning the poem, as they do, to different authors and period, from Moses to Isaiah—the best critics have, at least, admitted that there is about some portions of it a breadth and simplicity of style which breathes the very air of the infancy of the world, which seems like the unstudied and majestic utterance of the first inspired fathers of mankind. If we are thus to regard it, its incidental notices of the arts, wealth and refinement of the people among whom it was composed, point to a state of civilization almost equalling at the same period that of the Egyptians themselves—in regard to their ideas of the nature and attributes of the Almighty, indeed, far higher; and if this supposition be rejected, the fertility and populousness of Edom, at the time when the Israelites sought to pass through its defiles, are apparent from the very terms of their request:—‘Let us pass, I pray thee, through thy country: we will not pass through the fields, or through the vineyards, neither will we drink of the water of the wells; we will go by the king’s highway. And Edom came out against him, with much people, and with a strong hand.’

‘How fallen is Edom now! Could the Jewish seers, who, animated by national hatred, and the sense of wrong, poured out the burthen of denunciation upon Edom, awake and behold her utter ruin, they might almost weep at the fulfilment of their prophecies:—‘Thy terriblest hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart. O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill, though thou shouldst make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord. Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by shall be astonished, and shall hiss at the plagues thereof. No man shall abide there, neither shall a son of man dwell in it.’

‘The general strain of these and other prophecies, too, strikingly accords with the total desolation of Edom; but a minuter application of particular passages in a well-known work on the subject is certainly not borne out by facts. The passage, ‘None shall pass through it forever,’ alluded, doubtless, to the total breaking-up the great commercial routes, as well as its general abandonment and ruin; and not,

as is fancifully supposed in the work in question, to the utter exclusion even of a single passenger or traveller, inasmuch as caravans of Arabs are, and probably ever have been, in the habit of going to and fro in different directions, and numerous travellers also have of late years passed unharmed through the length and breadth of the land.”

We have felt more interest in this work as we advanced through its pages, than in any similar book since the “Crescent and the Cross” was published. The number and beauty of the engravings enhance the value of the text, but the latter does not require to lean on them for support. The work itself is admirably got up in the form of the annuals; and we do not know a more valuable book of that character amongst the publications of 1848.—*Tait’s Edinburgh Magazine.*

The Works of Robert Tannahill, with a Life of the Author, and a Memoir of Robert A. Smith, the Musical Composer. By Philip A. Ramsay. And

Clyde: A Descriptive Poem. By John Wilson: with Life of the Author. By John Leyden, M.D. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin: A. Fullarton & Co.

The poems and songs of Tannahill, and Wilson’s well-known poem of the “Clyde,” with lives of the authors, are included in this cheap and elegant volume, reprinted and edited with the greatest care. The edition of Tannahill brought out by Philip A. Ramsay, and adopted in the present volume, may be considered the most complete as well as the most accurate yet given to the public. The memoir of that unfortunate genius prefixed, contains all that is known of the poet’s history, and gives a very fair appreciation and estimate of his character and writings. The sketch of the life of R. A. Smith, who composed so many of his songs, which follows it, could scarcely have been wanting in a work of this kind, married, as his music was, to the “immortal verse” of Tannahill.

The descriptive poem of the Clyde, by John Wilson, is the only poem of the kind which Scotland has yet produced. The author was born in the neighborhood of Lanark, June 30, 1720. He was a schoolmaster, first at Lesmahagow, then at Rutherglen, and latterly at Greenock, where he died, June 2, 1789.

It is related that on being admitted teacher of the Grammar School at Greenock, the magistrates and minister of that town stipulated that

he should abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making," a condition which he religiously observed for the remainder of his life. Wilson's life, by Dr. Leyden, is written with great judgment and discrimination.

Both branches of the volume are enriched with notes; and in the carefully prepared col-

lection of national poetry, issuing by the publishers, it forms not the least interesting and attractive part. The volume is embellished with a portrait of Tannahill, and a neatly executed vignette, representing the Braes of Gleniffer and Stanley Castle.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

LOUIS XIV. AND MOLIERE.

The character of Louis XIV. has been variously estimated; and many of his critics have contended that the designation of "Great," pretty generally applied to him by the writers of his own times, was the result of adventitious circumstances alone, which left but little praise to his personal merit, and which would have equally served to render any other monarch illustrious.

Without considering too closely how much of all human celebrity must depend upon accident, and how very differently many heroes must appear as the dark or brilliant phases of their fortune present them to the view, it may be safely affirmed, that few sovereigns are so conspicuous for the influence they have exercised and the prominent position they have enjoyed. There is something peculiarly interesting in contemplating him, through that long course of time during which in our own country royalty was alternately despotic and degraded, presiding over a splendid court, and passing his life amid a magnificence of which the smallest details fixed the regards of his contemporaries and have become matter of curious inquiry to posterity, and preserving, in spite of arbitrary acts and decadence of political importance, the enthusiastic devotion of his subjects. The exclamation, "But the King is safe!" with which the Parisian circles consoled themselves for the reverses of his last campaigns, may contrast oddly enough with the modern cries of our republican neighbors; but it is not unworthy of notice as applied to the ruler whom it shows to have been the object of their love.

It is well known that much of the glory of Louis XIV. was derived from his munificence to literary men. Among the most remarkable of these is to be ranked John Baptist Poëquelin, so celebrated under the name of Molière, which he seems to have assumed when going on the stage, either out of regard for his family, or agreeably to an affectation very

common among actors at the present day. His career during the first years of his public life is not very clearly ascertained. It is probable that he played with indifferent success in several of the companies which, about that period, appear to have spread themselves over France, and to which the increasing taste for the drama everywhere afforded encouragement in that kingdom.

Having the advantage of a thorough classical education, which his father, an old retainer of the court, had taken care to bestow upon him, and having still further improved his taste by a judicious course of reading, he turned to account the resplendent powers of his mind, and emerged from the obscurity of his former position by assuming the post of manager at the theatre of Lyons, and bringing forward there, in the year 1653, "*L'Etourdi*," a piece which was generally well received, and which at once established the reputation of its author.

The distinction acquired by Molière's company speedily attracted the attention of the king, who employed them, together with the pen of their manager, in contributing to the amusement of the court. They had a part in the splendid entertainments at Versailles, in the years 1664 and 1668, when the monarch, flushed with the success of his recent operations in the field, and exulting in the pride of youth and beauty, was fond of showing himself to the eyes of his admiring subjects. In the gardens of this royal retreat, fitted up with costly magnificence, were exhibited various trials of skill, in which Louis and some of the most distinguished nobility took a part, and of splendid masques, in which they appeared in characters suited to the occasion.

The superiority of the king, or the tact of his courtiers, gave him the advantage in every encounter; and his vanity was flattered by the admiration which his personation of Apollo, or of some hero of romance, never failed to

procure him. But his fondness for display went still further, and induced him to appear among the actors on the stage. It is not without some surprise, that we find Molière distinguishing his little piece, "*Le Mariage Forcé*," by the additional title of "*Ballet du Roi*," because his royal patron had danced in it publicly on its first representation.

The industry of Molière was severely taxed by the impatience of Louis, whose hasty commands frequently left him but little time for preparing the pieces which a desire for novelty was constantly exacting. To this circumstance is to be attributed the want of finish which appears in the "*Princesse d'Elide*," and others of the lighter compositions: it led him, like our own Shakspeare, to bestow little care upon the state in which his works would appear to the eyes of future generations.

Of all the plays for which the French stage is indebted to Molière, "*Le Tartuffe*" is justly distinguished as the highest effort of his genius. Now that the clamors of discontent have been stilled by the voice of overwhelming approbation, it stands an enduring monument of its authors excellences: yet the opposition to the performance of it was such as might be expected in an age in which the minds of men were shackled by superstition, and in which to attack the abuses of religion was more dangerous than to attempt the destruction of its very essence.

Three acts of "*Le Tartuffe*" were exhibited, during the festivities of which we have spoken, before the royal party. The king, on the following morning, forbade the performance of it, until it should be completed, and examined by persons capable of forming a just judgment of its merits. He added, that he himself found nothing in it deserving of censure. The pretenders to sanctimony took advantage of the prohibition to raise both the city and the court against the piece and its author. Even the truly devout took the alarm; and, in utter ignorance of the work, united with the rest to condemn it. A priest, in a pamphlet which he presented to the king, condemned the author as an execrable wretch; and, on his own authority, consigned him to everlasting punishment. In short, Molière had to suffer the most dangerous vengeance of an ill-directed zeal.

Some dignified prelates of the church, and among others the legate of the pope, after having heard it read fairly through, rendered it the justice which their less enlightened subordinates had refused; and the king gave a verbal permission to Molière to produce it before the public. It was received by the Parisian audience with loud and universal

applause; yet, such was still the influence of the zealots who had from the first arrayed themselves against it, that, on the morrow, a fresh order from his majesty forbade the repetition.

At the time Louis gave this order he was in the camp near Lisle; and thither the disappointed manager despatched two actors of his company, with a memorial representing the hardship of his case. In this document, after apologizing for his temerity in importuning so great a monarch in the midst of his conquests, he states that he had in vain endeavored to appease his critics, by giving the play the title of the "*Impostor*," dressed the hero in the habiliments of a man of fashion, and retrenched with care whatever he deemed capable of giving a shadow of pretence for blame to the originals whom he had satirized. "*The cabal*," he adds, "*has been too strong for me*;" and he threw himself upon his majesty's protection, with a dexterous compliment on the glories of his recent campaigns.

It was not, however, until the following year that permission was granted for restoring this piece to the stage. It reappeared at Paris on the 5th of February, 1669, and has ever been honored with deserved applause.

That the king, in taking part against it, had been prevailed upon to act against his better judgment, appears by the following anecdote: "*A few days after 'Le Tartuffe' had been prohibited, a piece was represented before the court, entitled 'Scaramouche Hermite,' which made free with the most sacred matters. 'I should like to know,' said Louis, 'why the men who are so much scandalized at Molière's play, say nothing against what we have just been listening to.' 'The reason is,' replied the prince to whom the remark was made, 'that the Scaramouche only makes sport of heaven and religion, about which these gentlemen care nothing; but Molière's comedy shows off themselves, and that they can by no means endure.'*"

"*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*," by which Molière is almost as much distinguished as by "*Le Tartuffe*," again connects his name with that of his patron. The court received it with very little favor, and treated it as a piece of which the only merit was to excite a laugh; but Louis consoled the disappointed author, and declared that time would fully establish its just value. Such a prediction was highly creditable to the judgment which suggested it, and was speedily confirmed by the event.

The piece, though disgraced in some degree by the too farcical nature of its conclusion, abounds with admirable touches of nature. The character of Monsieur Jourdain is marked

by an absurdity common to men of all ranks in life, that of wishing to appear greater than they really are. His awkward attempts of imitating the manners of the class above him, with which he is desirous of identifying himself, are admirably contrasted with the cool, easy assurance of the swindling nobleman, who feeds upon his vanity and laughs at his simple credulity. Perhaps the courtiers who were sparing in their applause might have been well enough contented with the ridicule thrown upon the aspiring citizen; but they could not be completely at ease under the keen satire directed against their own circle, by such a representation of one of its exclusive members. The voice of the public speedily prevailed against them. The plain good sense of Madame Jourdain, the ingenious shrewdness of Nicole, the noble frankness of Cleonte, and the burlesque vanity of the different masters of arts and sciences, produced an irresistible effect, and confirmed the reputation of the piece.

The circumstances connected with the death of Molière form by no means the least curious portion of his history. He had lately produced his "*Malade Imaginaire*," a piece in which he not only ridiculed the professors of medicine, but attacked the art itself. Though laboring under a severe attack of the chest, he sustained the character of "*Monsieur Pourgon*," the imaginary invalid, and excited peals of laughter at fancied illness, while he was suffering cruelly from that which was too real. During the concluding scene, in which "*Monsieur Pourgon*" is received as a member of

the faculty, while pronouncing the word "*Jure*," the actor was seized with a violent fit of coughing, which he in vain endeavored to disguise from the audience under an affected laugh. He was conveyed home, where his cough increased so much, that it was followed by a vomiting of blood which suffocated him.

He thus expired without an opportunity of receiving the sacrament, or even of making the formal renunciation of his profession, which was essential to entitle him to Christian burial. The king, deeply affected at the loss of this distinguished man, and willing to give, even after death, a fresh mark of the esteem in which he had always held him, used his personal influence with the archbishop of Paris to surmount the illiberal objection. The prelate, after a strict inquiry into the life of the deceased, gave permission for his interment in the church of Saint Joseph; but the mob, less tolerant in their ignorance, and probably excited by some of the inferior clergy, assembled in great numbers, and showed a disposition to prevent the progress of the corpse. Their barbarous intention was only prevented by the address of the widow, who caused money to be thrown among them, and thus purchased their forbearance.

The few facts thus thrown together are not without interest. The fame of Molière will live while the French language shall endure; and the monarch under whose auspices he ran his brilliant career derives credit from his appreciation of his genius, and the protection he afforded him.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*.

FROM THE POD TO THE PIECE.

From Manchester to Stockport it is but nine miles, or fifteen minutes by rail, and from the three queen cities of Great Britain to Manchester is only a day's journey. Let those, then, who can, take up their carriages and pay the visit, if they would see the pod become the piece; but let the multitudes who cannot, travel with us along the lines of thought, as we bring the most wonderful combinations of human skill the world has ever seen before their eyes.

Behold us, then, note-book in hand, and with every faculty on the alert, set down in the steaming, smoking, buzzing town of Stockport. The factory people are just returning from

their dinners, and every house and every cottage pours out its tributary streams, until a great river of human beings, men, women, boys, girls, young men, and maidens, sets toward the factory gates. Waiting a while for the reception of the animate tide into the precincts of the huge structure before us, and joining company with one or two stragglers who are behind time, we enter the gate; but we fare better than the stragglers, for one of them, in going forward to his allotted part in the factory, has to pass through a little wicket by the side of the office. In vain he attempts to pass unseen; he steps on to a movable platform, and by some secret mechanism he is suddenly

turned round with the box, and presented, greatly to his annoyance, at the office window, where he remains a fixture until his number is taken down, and he is released, abashed and confounded if he be a novice, to proceed to his duty. In many factories, by the side of the office is a small apartment in which two or three persons are engaged in a very peculiar task, covering small rollers, with smooth leathern coverings. The stranger will probably wonder what connection this multitude of leathern-clad rollers, not larger than an average-sized reel of cotton, has with the cotton manufacture; but before he has concluded his survey, it will appear that one of the great secrets of the system is contained in the beautiful machines, called "drawing-frames," of which these rollers constitute an essential part. Producing our order of admission, we are let into the portals of the steam-hive; and with the very earth trembling under our feet, and the air vibrating with the whirring, clacking, and humming noises of the impetuous machinery within, the door is opened into the picking-room, and we become fairly afloat on our voyage from the pod to the piece.

The bales, each weighing on the average about three hundred pounds or so, are brought into this room, cast upon the floor, and with two or three blows of a sharp axe the cord around them is cut, and the elasticity of the cotton flings the bale open; the canvas covering is then stripped off, and the contents of the bale are spread out on the floor of the apartment to be picked. This operation is performed by a few persons, often women and children. Ordinarily the good and bad cotton are mixed together and cast upon a pile or stack, from one side of which they are dragged by a rake, applied from the top to the bottom, thus insuring a mixture of all the different strata. Sometimes, however, the very fine cotton is reserved, and placed separately, for the manufacture of lace, &c. In the next room is a small machine at one side, parts of which are in rapid motion, and produce a whirring sound. This machine is the "willow," and prepares the work for all the rest of the building. The cotton here first falls into those powerful hands of steel which part not with it until they have turned it off a finished fabric. And truly it is roughly handled in this initiatory proceeding: a man takes up his two armsful of the light material, and places it in a compartment on one end of the machine; the white masses tumble hastily in, and if you will step into the room beyond, you will see how they come out, looking whiter, cleaner, and infinitely more floeculent and downy than before, blown out with a powerful current from the mouth of the

willow, which opens by a square opening into this room. In the intermediate process they have been caught by iron teeth of different lengths, revolving at a rate of six hundred revolutions per minute; the cotton has been thus repeatedly torn asunder; its impurities have dropped to the bottom; and it is wafted, like so many tumbling masses of sand before a strong wind, into the third room, from whence it is taken in proper quantities to the next floor. It is difficult to convey a just impression of the blowing-room, into which we are now brought. What with the noise caused by the "beaters," the deep-thrilling hum of the ventilating fans, and the heat developed by the friction of the roaring machines, and the beating of the cotton, the visitor will be glad to make his exit as quickly as possible; not to mention the awfully dusty state of the atmosphere of the room, which deposits in the most delicate but tenacious manner the floating filaments of cotton upon his apparel, until, if he went in, in a black coat, he certainly emerges in a gray one. But such a rapid escape will not avail us, who have to track the filament completely through its fearful pilgrimage, to the last parting squeeze of—the hydrostatic press.

The "blowing," or "batting," or, as it is sometimes called, "scutching" engine, is a beautiful thing when seen with all its most modern additions, as are those before us. Upon a moving feed-cloth, at one end, a certain weight of cotton wool is spread by the person in charge; this is seized by a pair of fluted rollers, which convey it into the interior of this terrible engine. As it is being delivered off by them, it receives the blows of a frame composed of flat bars revolving at an enormous rate—it is said four thousand in the minute; the fibres are thus effectually loosened, opened, and purified from dirt, which falls through an iron grid at the bottom; the wool proceeds on through the machine, and gets a second thrashing, as severe and tremendous as the first; proceeding further still, it is gently pressed, and spread into a flat loosely-coherent fleece; and at the end of this ingenious machine behold the cotton wool exhibit the first evidence of constructive skill, and, assuming the form of a soft fragile web, roll itself up, at the rate of about three feet in a minute, upon a self-acting roller, which, when filled, is removed by an attendant, in order to substitute an empty one for it. Thus, then, the cotton fibre is—*1st*, beaten; *2d*, purified; *3d*, beaten; *4th*, purified; *5th*, pressed; and *6th*, rolled up. As this is a very dusty process, a peculiar contrivance is fitted to each engine, consisting of a pair of fans or blowers, which

produce a very forcible draught of air up the machine, by which means all the dust is conveyed away through tubes, and blown out into the air. This operation being attended with some risk of fire, from the latent heat developed by the beaters, is often carried on in a separate building, which may always be recognized outside by the large ventilating cowls on its roof, through which a stream of cotton dust may be seen vehemently blowing. As these fans take about a horse-power each to drive, it seems to us worthy the consideration of our manufacturers whether a jet of pressure steam might not be applied to produce the requisite ventilation of the blowing-engine. The processes hitherto have all had for their object the thorough disentanglement of the fibres of the cotton; they have no mutual coherence, or but very little, and are therefore in a condition to obey the manufacturer's will as to their future disposition and arrangement.

Let the reader take a mass of cotton wool in his hand. Those multitudinous fibres, no two of which have the same direction, have to be further cleaned, and all laid straight and even, before they can receive the least assistance to their union into a firm texture. The problem may seem almost insoluble, but the carding-room, into which we next direct our steps, furnishes the first element in the solution. Other machines employed in the cotton manufacture have more science about them, and display more signal triumphs of mind over matter; but the carding-engine has the greatest beauty of appearance, and produces the most attractive and elegant results. There is not the least difficulty in fully comprehending this ingenious apparatus with a little attention. The rolled-up fleece coming from the blowing-room is placed upon proper supports, in a horizontal position, at the back of the carding engine: it is partly unrolled by the "tenter," as the attendant is called, and the end introduced to the carding mechanism, which continues to unroll it until it is exhausted. The end is caught by a large circular brush, composed of short iron wires, set at a particular angle. This tears off the cotton wool into the finest filaments; and rubbing against a number of other circular brushes of the same kind, the filaments are again and again torn from each other, until they are reduced to a delicate web, all the dirt and knots having fallen through in the process, or having been arrested by some stationary flat brushes at the top of the engine, against, or in almost contact with which, the great brush rubs. The separation of this web from the teeth of the great brush is effected in the simplest manner by a smaller circular brush,

the teeth of which are set in another direction, rubbing against it. It remains still to remove the web from this brush also, and this is effected by an up-and-down movement of a long comb, which, sweeping over the face of the wires of the second brush, combs off in a homogeneous gauze, or gossamer-like web, the carded wool. This is then, as it were, poured through a funnel, or is, more properly speaking, drawn through by the carrying powers of two revolving rollers, and appears in a stream of a certain size, as soft as down and as white as milk, at the other end of the engine. This stream is a delicate, flat, and narrow ribbon, known as a "sliver." It is impossible to represent the beauty of this process, and the almost magical skill with which its different steps are conducted, with adequate colors; but it is believed that any one who will attentively read the above short description will be able to form a clear and satisfactory conception of the machine. The carding-room is a busy and a noisy place. Here are little boys running to and fro, clearing the top cards of the engines from their cotton impurities—they are called "strippers"—and then with an armful of down-like wool hurrying to the waste-baskets; whilst girls and women hasten to and fro, some with full cans of slivers, others with empty ones; add to this the continual dancing motion and sharp clicks of the comb-crank, and the ceaseless whirl of pulleys and straps, and the scene from the door of a room from two to three hundred feet long, full of these engines, may be readily conceived to be of no ordinary character and interest. What has now been done to the cotton? It has been—1st, cleaned; 2d, partially straightened; and 3d, collected into a flat ribbon or sliver. When the cotton is destined to be spun into very fine yarn, it is customary to card it twice; and the first machine is called a "breaker," and the second a "finisher" card.

The filaments are by no means yet straightened and equalized to the degree necessary before commencing spinning; and now we come to see the use of the leathern rollers before-mentioned. Leaving the carding-room, we may as well save the walk up stairs by getting into the "hoist"—the square box which rises and falls at the pleasure of the persons inside—and in a few seconds we are in the *drawing-room* floor. There is some true philosophy in the drawing-frame, although it is the most simple of the machines employed, at least in appearance. If we were to take a little flock of cotton wool between the thumb and finger of one hand, and, holding one end in those of the other, were gently to *draw* it out, the effect would be to straighten

the filaments of it. This is precisely the *modus operandi* of the drawing-frame. But how was a task of such delicacy to be accomplished by iron fingers? The slivers, in their cans, are brought together in sets of sixes, and arranged behind the "drawing" machine. The six slivers are then collected together, and flow in a common stream between two pairs of rollers—the upper of leather, the under of iron. A little observation will show that one pair of these rollers revolves more rapidly than the other. In consequence of this, this pair, which is the front pair, drags out the stream of wool, and thus attenuates it, because the back pair of rollers will not allow as much of the cottony stream to emerge from their grasp as the front ones demand. There is therefore no alternative: the band of cotton must be stretched and elongated: and in this condition it is passed into the receiving-can, which, rotating on its axis, gives it a slight twist as it is deposited therein. Thus the six slivers, by their union and "drawing out," only form one common sliver at the other end of the machine. Thus, then, the action of the human fingers is successfully imitated; and with a thousandfold more precision than they, does this inanimate machine execute this difficult task. The relative speed of the rollers and the exact distances between each pair are subjects of the nicest calculation, and may be adjusted by a simple method to the quality of the cotton. For instance, a short-fibred cotton requires the rollers to be nearer together than a long one, and the contrary. As the "drawn" sliver fills the can rapidly, requiring a girl to thrust it often down, to prevent its falling on the floor, there is a peculiar contrivance attached to modern drawing-frames, which entirely obviates one person's employment, and plunges down gently the sliver, until the can is so full as to hold no more. The appearance of these falling weights in a long room is very curious. The next process is "doubling;" that is, a still larger number of slivers are made to form only one, and thus still further to straighten and equalize the filaments. The steps of this process are precisely similar to those of the drawing-frame, and the doubling was carried to such an extent in a new factory visited by us, that it was calculated that the sliver was doubled nearly half-a-million times before proceeding to the future operations. The average rate at which the sliver proceeds from the rollers is about sixty feet a minute. In some of the most recent doubling and drawing engines there is a beautiful little contrivance, intended to insure the perfect uniformity of size in the sliver as it is being drawn. Suppose thirty-two slivers are col-

lected into one stream, and by the drawing-rollers converted into only one; if one of these thirty-two were to break, and the machine continued to run, the resulting sliver would be of unequal thickness in its latter portion. In the elegant machines displayed to us at a large factory in Manchester this was exquisitely guarded against. The slivers were made to run over small forks; and immediately that one broke, slight though the impulse of rending asunder such a delicate and soft ribbon would be, the whole length of the machine was instantly stopped, as if by an electric shock, and refused to stir, until the "tenter" ran up and repaired the broken ribbon, when, as if sensible that all was right again, it resumed work.

All is now ready for spinning. The filaments are nearly parallel; the sliver is of uniform thickness, and all that is now necessary for its conversion into thread, or, technically, yarn, is to give to the filaments that intertwist which will unite them into a coherent cord. No part of the process of the cotton manufacture has engaged so large an amount of attention as this, nor does any manufacturing process, of whatever nature, bear comparison with the amazing efforts of inventive skill exercised in this. The difficulties will appear as we proceed. It has been customary to consider the first step of the twisting process, which is called roving, apart from the "spinning;" but the division is an incorrect one. The whole manufacture divides itself into two great classes of operations—the first of which is, to straighten the cotton fibres, and the second, to twist them. The spinning, therefore, begins at the roving-frames. But how shall we describe this great and noisy machine, with its hundreds of whirling spindles, and the complicated motions of its iron limbs? Its name is the "bobbin and fly frame." Let us say, then, what it has to do, and it will then be seen by what means its work is done. First, it has to elongate the sliver from the thickness of a finger to that of a quill-barrel of small size; next, it has to twist the "drawing," or "roving," as the attenuated slip is called, just enough to give it a little coherence; and lastly, it has to wind it up on a proper reel or bobbin. Beside these, a number of important functions must be fulfilled at the same time, which we shall immediately see are of no ordinary kind or difficulty. The machine is perhaps twenty feet long, and four or five feet high. At one end is the prime moving mechanism. Over the whole length of the top runs a rod, which stops it at the pleasure of the attendant; and in front are perhaps a hundred upright spin-

dles, mounted with large reels, on which the roving is being wound and twisted at the same time, and revolving at a vast velocity. The sliver starts from the can, into which it was poured by the drawing-frame, and is conducted again between rollers, and drawn out as before, only to a far greater extent, for it is here elongated to from four to five times its length. The thin cord then enters a hole in the top of an iron instrument called a "flyer," and resembling an inverted U. Thus \cap goes down one of the arms of the \cap which is hollow, and reappears at the end of a little cross piece, from whence it winds on to the reel, which revolves on its own axis, while the flyer also revolves around it, only at a little greater velocity; by which means the reel being always a *little behind*, in point of time and place, the arm of the flyer, the roving is wound up. To get a clear idea of this process, suppose a common two-pronged dinner-fork had one prong hollow, and at its end a little hollow arm, with an eye or hole at its extremity; cut off the shank of the fork almost close to the prongs; suppose it also hollow, and communicating with the hollow prong; pass a thread down the shank, and down the hollow prong, and bring it out at the eye-hole of the little arm; suppose, further, this two-pronged affair to be poised in the middle by an upright spindle, which, being put in motion, caused the two-pronged thing to revolve also—being, in fact, the axis of it. Here, then, is a regular "flyer" for us. Now put a reel upon a hollow tube, inside which the spindle of the fork will move without touching, and let the reel be, as it were, half-embodied by the fork; that is, half-way up the U, inside its arms; let the tube which holds the reel, and the spindle which supports the fork, both be made to revolve on their long axes in the same direction, only the tube a very little slower than the spindle and fork, and you will find that a regular winding-up of the thread upon the reel will take place. This being clearly understood, and it being remembered also that the flyer necessarily, by its revolutions, twists the roving as it winds it, a difficulty occurs as to arranging the rovings regularly on the bobbin. If, for example, we were winding thread upon a cork, unless we directed it alternately to one and the other end of the cork, it would wind up all in a heap in the middle. This is obviated by causing the frame on which the bobbins rest to rise and fall alternately, and thus the stream of soft cord flows in regular alternations from the top to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top of the bobbin. But again, as more and more of the roving is wound upon the

bobbin, of course it becomes, in homely terms, fatter and fatter, and therefore its diameter being increased, its circumference is increased, and consequently in one turn it can take up more roving than it could when it was thinner; but the machine cannot supply more roving in a given time than it did when the bobbin was first put on, and the roving would therefore be torn away as the bobbin increased in size, unless some contrivance could be thought of to diminish gradually the speed of the bobbin, so as to make the loss of speed in its revolutions compensate for the increase of its diameter, and consequent greater demand for roving. Here is a truly arduous undertaking, nor was it effected but with the lapse of time, and by the continued application of the most powerful minds to the task. It would be hopeless to dream of elucidating the intricate mechanism by which it is perfectly effected in our limited space; but an essential feature of it is what is called a "speed-cone," a sort of conical pulley, along which a strap is gradually moved as the bobbin fills, and the moving pulley-surface thus becoming smaller and smaller, a gradual and most gentle, but sufficient reduction is effected in the revolutions of the bobbin. Mr. Houldsworth added to this an exquisitely-arranged invention, called the "differential box," by which the application of the principle was rendered easy to roving of every thickness, by the simplest adjustments.

Now comes the true spinning process. There are two kinds of spinning—the continuous and the discontinuous, which includes a stretching operation. In ordinary factory parlance, the first is throstle-spinning, the second is mule-spinning. Those who have comprehended the description of the bobbin and fly-frame will readily understand that of a throstle engine, for it is in some respects similar. We are ushered into a large room full of these oddly-named machines. They consist of frames of considerable length, mounted with a mighty host of spindles, bobbins, and flyers, in such enormously rapid movement, that they appear almost stationary; and it may even be necessary to touch them to be convinced that they are really moving, and their whirling sound is something quite oppressive to the ears. In these the roving goes through three pairs of rollers to be again elongated, and is thence drawn by the revolution of the flyer, which winds round the yarn as fast as it is twisted upon a smaller bobbin. The same rising and falling contrivance arranges the yarn in regular order upon the bobbin, as in the former instance; but the bobbin has no motion of its own, as in the last process, being merely dragged round by the thread or yarn as it is

wound upon it. The resulting yarn is hard, strong, and well-twisted, in every respect a striking contrast to the soft and fragile roving out of which it is made. Throstle-yarn is, on account of these properties, generally preferred for the long threads of a cloth, or, in weavers' words, the "warp," but for finer purposes it is not sufficiently soft and delicate. This defect was the origin of another and yet more extraordinary process of spinning, called "mule-spinning;" a process yielding to none in ingenuity, and equalled by none in the elegance and singularity of its appearance. Entering an upper room in the factory, one of the most extraordinary scenes the imagination can picture presents itself. Looking in the long direction of the apartment, it is impossible to get a definite conception of what is going on; but standing at the side, you behold two pairs of long iron frames, with thousands of delicate spindles advancing and retreating to and from each other, as though they were performing an iron quadrille; and all this, thanks to the extraordinary skill of Mr. Roberts of Manchester, without human intervention, excepting where here and there a little boy is seen crawling under them sweeping up the dust, or a girl is attending to a broken thread. Think of a machine one hundred feet long, carrying a thousand spindles, twisting, stretching out by its advance and retreat, and ultimately winding up, when these processes are finished, a thousand threads so delicate, as to be visible only in the mass of them, performing a variety of motions of adjustment, and capable of working incessantly without aid from man; and finally, actually counting up its own work; and after it has done sufficient on each spindle, ringing a bell, to inform the tenter that its task is done—and some mind-glimpse of this astonishing mechanism may be caught! The objects the mule accomplishes are—*1st*, To elongate the roving between rollers; *2d*, To spin the yarn at the rate of about ten thousand revolutions to each length of fifty-six inches; *3d*, To stretch out the yarn, and thus still further equalize its diameter; and *4th*, To wind it up in "cops" of convenient form for the weaver or for the winder. For a long time the mule was directed and controlled by a powerful man, called a "spinner," who received very high wages; but in consequence of the continual turn-outs, in which these men were always the most prominent, because possessed of the most power, and the bad conduct of the spinners as a class, manufacturers became extremely desirous of dispensing with their functions, and of substituting the stern obedience of machinery for the capricious one of these men, from which they had so repeatedly suffered the most serious in-

convenience. Mr. Roberts executed the difficult task, and the "self-actor mule" appeared, to the dismay of a large body of the disaffected, who saw in it their abused power swept away. The self-actor is now largely used, and in every new factory is exclusively adopted, for it does its work not only more surely, but in a better style and method, and with greater precision, than the old one. From the mule-spindles, or from the throstle-engine, the yarn is taken to that part of the factory where the weaving by power is carried on.

Let us follow it in this the concluding stage of the history of the cotton filament. In a room, the quietness of which forms an agreeable contrast to the noise of the preceding, and as we are soon to find, to the tremendous clatter of the succeeding, stands on one side the "winding," and on the other the "warping frame." The first of these is very simple: it is merely a long frame, on the top of which the yarn is placed as it comes from the mule or throstle, and is wound off by power on to a multitude of upright reels in rapid revolution. The warping frame is more complicated. It is all painted black, to render a broken thread readily discernible. In shape, it is something like a very large hand-printing press, when the fly leaves are thrown back. At one end is a large roller, on which the warp, or long threads of the cloth, are wound; at the other is a framework, on which are many hundreds of reels, each sending its thread to form one of the number rolled on the roller. It is moved by machinery, and the warp is rapidly laid on the roller by this means. Sometimes a thread breaks, the machine is then stopped, and the attendant, laying a long steel bar over the threads, causes the roller to unwind until the broken end is discovered and repaired without disturbing the parallelism of its threads. A door leads us from this room into one, the atmosphere of which is at a very high temperature, and in which there is much more motion, noise, and bustle than the last, while every now and then the tinkle of a bell is heard in every direction. This is the "dressing" room! an apartment in which, as in others of a similar title, the natural defects of the cotton fibre are smoothed over, and prepared for public gaze. It is filled with a number of patent dressing-machines. These are in shape something like a large mangle; at the ends are the rollers which have come from the room we have just left; eight of them are required to furnish yarn for one warp, four of them are therefore arranged at one end, and four at the other. In the centre is an upright framework, at the top of which the roller rests, on which the dressed warp is wound by cog-wheels. In its

passage from the end rollers to the warp-roller, the multitude of threads receives the dressing. The yarn passes first between two wooden cylinders, the lower of which revolves in a trough of size or paste; it is thus saturated with the dressing, but unevenly, and therefore the machine gives it first a brush on the upper, and next on the under surface, to lay the paste evenly on it, by means of a couple of brushes, which have an odd movement, connected with cranks. It is then passed up towards the warp-roller; but as it goes, it is perfectly dried by the action of a rapid vane, which blows hot air across the threads; it is then wound up and ready for the loom. As the process goes on, the machine counts the proper length for the "piece," and by a bell summons the tenter to mark the place in red paste, as a guide to the weaver in his operations. Some of these machines will dress a mile of warp in an hour!

Of all the tremendously noisy, deafening places in the whole factory, the weaving-room or power-loom-department is the most so. As for conversation, it is altogether impossible; hearing a person bawling into your ear with all his force is about as much as is to be expected here. Conceive an enormous room containing one thousand power-loom arranged in long rows, and all helping to raise the most awful din that can salute mortal ears. Each loom consists of a number of complex mechanisms driven by straps and pulleys from the ceiling in endless multitudes. The warp-roller being placed at the back of them, is gradually unwound, and by the assistance of the shuttle, and other contrivances, the yarn assumes at length the woven texture of the piece of calico-cloth, the preliminary steps in the formation of which have occupied so much of our time.

From the loom the piece is conveyed into the storehouses, is measured by being alternately hung on a couple of hooks a yard apart, is then folded smooth, put in the packing-press, receives its last embrace from machinery, to the weight of eight or ten tons, and is sent off to market, or to the wholesale dealers.

Before leaving the factory, we were shown the room where the size is prepared for dressing the goods. Several large tubs heated by steam are arranged round the sides for boiling the paste, while it is agitated by an iron agitator in the interior; and upon the floor, in the centre, were a number of large casks full of paste, covered with the fungi in a coating a quarter of an inch thick. One would suppose it was all spoiled, but the manager assured us it was just at the prime, and ready for use. In the operations of one firm, eight hundred barrels of flour are used every year for this purpose; but it is necessary to mention that it is of a quality unfit for human consumption. Each loom has been calculated to consume three pounds of flour a week.

It is not an easy task to give the average number of yards of calico made in a day at one of these immense places; nor, if it were, is it easy to estimate it at its due amount. It is said that one manufacturer declared, if a ship were to fasten to her stern one end of a piece of cloth, and sail away therewith, he could supply sufficient to keep up with her, sail as fast as she might!

Such is a short account of our visit, and it presents, as we believe, a succinct statement of the present state of the cotton manufacture, at least from the Pod to the Piece. — *Chambers' Edinburgh Magazine.*

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE YOUNG COUNTESS.*

The interest of the "Young Countess," is made to depend upon materials of a slighter texture than usual with Mrs. Trollope. A young and beautiful widow—an Austrian countess of great wealth—invites a party to her château, where she has hitherto lived almost in seclusion, with a fair and gifted protégé, Caroline de Marfeld, and the zest of the story is made to depend upon the love borne by the countess for a certain Count de

Hermanstadt, and the jealousy she experiences, and not without reason, for the preference given by the count to Caroline.

This is certainly slender material enough, but sufficient in Mrs. Trollope's hands to produce a work of interest, and containing less that is objectionable than any previous publication of so unsparing, and often so unscrupulous a satirist. Here all is pleasant and tasteful. Scenes of pastoral simplicity, and fashionable folly are most curiously mingled together. How amusing when the countess, by *happily* becoming a widow, sets to work to make a kind

* The Young Countess; or, Love and Jealousy. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

of Lochsenberg or fac-simile of an old castle, of a ruinous old edifice, the original stronghold of the Counts of Rosenau! How ably is she assisted by the veteran Morritz, and the lively Caroline! And then again, when the visitors arrive at the restored castle, how distinctly is every individual brought out—the Princess Löffendorf, handsome, vain and spoiled; Prince Althenon stately and impertinent; the hero, Alfred de Hermanstadt, “with thoughtful brow, coal-black hair, moustache, and soft, violet-colored eyes;” sister Bertha, so fair and so good, and her lover, Count Bergstaz, so elegant and charming; Geno Alberti, the enthusiastic violin-player, whose genius we may respect, but not so his having wooed and won with his violin a rich and fair young English lady; and lastly, as a foil to all these, the pedantic, over-dressed, and vulgar Mrs. Griffiths, whose acquaintances are all potentates or members of the Institute, the good-humored, fat, and foolish Hilbury, and Made-moiselle Chambray, bent upon the destruction of poor little Hilbury’s peace of mind, and the independent use of his English gold. It can be easily imagined how well Mrs. Trollope can play with such a group of personages.

The love-story is chiefly told through the medium of *tableaux vivans*, the by-play of the other parties by the very simple machinery of so many breakfasts and dinners, and so many rides and rural amusements. The interest, however, never flags; and when a change is brought over the scene by the jealousy of the countess, which, fed by the evil counsels of a spiteful attendant, vents itself in the most cruel vengeance upon the poor protégé,—it is like a dark cloud coming over the face of all that was before bright, clear, and beautiful. The countess pays for her crime by a conventual life, and Caroline wins the hero with the violet-colored eyes, poetical justice and a happy conclusion being brought about at the same time.

PERCY: OR THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.*

It was an unlucky night on which the young, open, happy, thoughtless Percy introduced his more sedate, experienced, and wily friend Sinclair to the love of his boyhood, Edith Aspinall. While affecting to condemn the choice of his friend, Sinclair, by slow, but sure steps, wins Edith’s affections from her first frank and confiding, but bashful suitor.

Percy has a tyrannical old uncle, who would have been a Captain Absolute only that he is

a general, and is named Haviland, after his property of the same title in Yorkshire. The old general, in a momentary pet with his nephew and heir, marries the youngest daughter of a clergyman, and this event hastens Percy’s doom, for Edith has admired Havilands, and retains more vivid recollections of its beauties than she does of her first lover. Percy, however, is not the man to sink under his altered prospects, and whilst Sinclair is wooing his maiden fair, our hero makes his obeisance to his uncle, and establishes a flirtation with his young and innocent aunt. The dénouement of this story of wayward and worldly love is pathetic but rather unsatisfactory. Percy shoots himself, recommending the general’s widow to his friend Beckenham, and Edith to his friend Sinclair.

CLARA FANE.*

This is the first work, in the popular style of a novel of the day, which Miss Costello has yet written; and even though we are inclined to regret that the taste of the public leads so many writers out of the path they would, in preference, choose for themselves, we cannot but rejoice that so agreeable an addition has been made to the light reading of the time as that of Clara Fane. The plot of the story is exciting and romantic; yet such events as are recorded in it are of more frequent occurrence than is oftentimes imagined, and the writer of fiction does well who selects for his narrative the singular in life, in place of that which is common. We by no means intend to imply that Miss Costello has avoided the domestic scenes and the occurrences of ordinary life; on the contrary, it is in working out these that she had produced some of the most amusing features of her novel. But her forte evidently is in the delineation of characters, wherein loftiness of thought, of mind, feeling, and refinement, tenderness and sensibility most prevail, and in proof of this we may adduce the portraits of Claudia and Sybilla, two charming sisters; perfect gems of beauty and grace. Besides the exercise of the skilful novelist’s art, Miss Costello reminds us, most pleasantly, that she is a traveller, and conducts us, with willing feet, amid scenes rendered by Nature attractive at all times, but doubly so at the present moment, when war and confusion point them out to all Europe as spectacles of interest. We travel with Clara Fane along the banks of the Danube, visiting many places which, since the narrative was written, have acquired a melan-

* Percy: or the Old Love and the New; by the Author of “The Hen-Pecked Husband.” 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

* Clara Fane. A Novel. 3 vols. By Louisa Stuart Costello. Bentley.

choly celebrity ; and, leaving sites now marked by desolation and bloodshed, gladly penetrate with her into the romantic wilds of Austrian Switzerland ; we listen to the mysterious legends of Servia, now first presented in an English garb, and welcome the tender songs of the Kozàcs — a race hitherto suspected of no such peaceful accomplishment as the cultivation of poetry ; with her, also, we traverse the Alps, and descend to the beautiful plains of Lombardy, seeking repose and luxury in the marble villas of the Lake of Como, whose enchanting shores are now, and, we fear, are long destined to be deformed by slaughter ! The descriptions of scenery and the snatches of song scattered through these volumes show the imaginative taste and brilliant fancy, for which the author has long been distinguished. It would be better for the manners of the day if more writers followed such a track, and chose the better part of nature as the most proper for record, instead of descending to find excitement in the worst.

"Clara Fane" is a work such as a refined mind alone could have conceived, and such as refined minds will hail with welcome. It has a novelty and philosophic beauty in it, which at once surprise and attract ; for easy and simple as the style appears, there are depth of feeling and powerful thought in every page.

CANADA IN 1848, &c. By M. H. Syngé.

This pamphlet professes to be "An Examination of the Existing Resources of British North America, with Considerations for their further and more perfect Development, as a Practical Remedy, by Means of Colonization, for the Prevailing Distress in the United Empire, and for the Defence of the Colony." The proposition of the writer is, that the imperial government shall undertake an enormous system of public works in that colony — establish a regular, frequent and independent series of steam communications between London and Liverpool and Montreal,

&c. — make a grand trunk line, canal or railway, across the American continent, — and other commensurate works in connection with these. The way in which he would employ labor upon such projects savors not a little of the system of the *ateliers nationaux*, — but Mr. Syngé is not a Frenchman, nor a willing applauder of French ideas. His patriotism is on the contrary quite violent ; and at times, especially when taken in connection with certain favorite eccentricities of logic, style and grammar — affords the reader not a little amusement. The chief point of his argument is sound if practicable. Roads are no doubt very essential to the growth and prosperity of a country ; and probably all moneys invested by governments in opening up or repairing roads, canals, bridges, and other means of intercommunication, return in one form or another many times their amount ; but whether it would be possible to adopt such a scheme as Mr. Syngé proposes in the present state of the national resources may be gravely doubted. — *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.*

THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY ; a Refutation of Communism and Socialism. By Adolphe Thiers.

A translation of the papers by M. Thiers which originally appeared in the *Constitutionnel*. The arrangement is perhaps too systematic or elementary for English readers, and some of the arguments are without much fundamental novelty, as the subject has long since been settled in England for students and thinkers. But, like his speech on substitutes, the general idea of which was taken from Adam Smith, M. Thiers has so well enforced his positions, by new illustrations drawn from contemporary experience or knowledge, and directly applicable to the business in hand, that established truths come before us with all the effects of novelty and the interest of a current topic, set off by a style animated and close, yet facile and fluent.

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